THE DIAL

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THE PROTECTION OF IGNORANCE.

Whatever one's attitude may be towards the economic policy of protection, it will hardly be claimed that ignorance is among the national industries that tariff legislation should seek to shelter. Yet any legislation that places obstacles in the way of our communication with the thought of other countries must be construed as imposing a tax upon enlightenment, and as tending to put ignorance at a premium. Actuated by a profound conviction that the logic of this position is unassailable, THE DIAL has sought (with a measure of success yet to be fully determined) to enlist the services of the friends of culture, irrespective of party, in an effort to secure the removal from our tariff laws of the duty upon books printed in the English language. The response to our appeal has been very gratifying, and a large number of the blank petitions distributed by us have been filled with signatures, and presented by different members of Congress to the House of Representatives. The work would have been undertaken more systematically, and at an earlier date, had we not taken for granted that the removal of this obnoxious duty would be one of the first things provided for in any intelligent revision of the tariff.

It would be difficult to devise a more stupid duty than this tax of twenty-five per cent upon the implements indispensable to the profession of the intellectual worker. As a means of producing revenue, its results are insignificant. And a very little examination will serve to show that it does not, that it cannot, operate as a protective measure. The man who wants a pocket-knife, or a watch, or a suit of clothes, will take the article of American manufacture if a protective tax makes the corresponding articles of foreign manufacture too costly for his means. But the man who wants the poems of Tennyson, or the essays of Matthew Arnold, or the political writings of Professor Bryce, finds no corresponding American books that will do about as well. His purpose will not be suited by the poems of Longfellow, or the essays of Emerson, or the political writings of Professor Fiske. The suggestion that, as a good American, he ought to be contented with the latter works is too puerile to be taken seri-

ously. A man wants a book for some specific purpose, and no other book will do. If he cannot afford to purchase it, he must go without. And his disgust with the law that wantonly places the book beyond his reach will not help to make him a better American. It must be added, lest some of our readers should have forgotten the fact, that the case of English books copyrighted in this country is covered by the Copyright Law itself, which requires their manufacture here, and does not merely tax, but prohibits, the importation of the English edition.

The amount of the tax by no means measures the annoyance that it occasions the purchaser. If he gets an English book from the bookseller, he finds that the tax has in some mysterious way become doubled, trebled, or even quadrupled (after the fashion of all indirect taxes) when he comes to pay it. The average English book published at one pound is sold to the trade for about fourteen shillings, and upon this sum the duty is paid. But the American bookseller charges at least seven, and frequently eight, dollars for the book. Without the duty, he could sell it—he would be forced by competition to sell it—for five dollars or less, and he would realize upon it the profit now realized upon the sale of an average American publication. But a still graver charge must be brought against the duty on English books. Dutiable articles are excluded from the mails by the regulations of our postal service. It is true that these regulations are not enforced with absolute strictness, but they operate to make the American intellectual worker hesitate to avail himself of the simplest and most natural means of getting the books he wants, that of ordering them sent direct by post. If he happens to reside at a port of entry, he may get his book by going to the custom house and paying a sum estimated by some illiterate official whose notion of the value of books is about as accurate as his acquaintance with the dead languages. If, as is more likely to be the case, our seeker after knowledge does not live at a port of entry, he runs a more than fair chance of not getting his book at all. The amount of irritation produced by these conditions is not easily calculable. Those who conscientiously advocate the principles of a protective tariff should realize that it is the extreme of unwisdom to make their policy responsible for a law that bears only a remote relation to that principle, that is chiefly productive of exasperation in the minds of intelligent people, and that gives our government the unenviable credit of seeking to impede the progress of culture. It is in every sense an unenlightened application of the protective principle, and one that the intelligent men of all parties should hasten to repudiate.

Any opposition to the removal of this tax upon knowledge must come from the booksellers and the publishers. In the case of the former, it is evident that a few of them — the very few who have considerable stocks of English books upon which duty has already been paid — might be compelled to sell those books at a lowered profit. It would mean a marking down of prices to the extent of not more than four cents to the shilling. In the case of the publishers, there could result no pressure of increased competition except in the case of recent reprints or new editions of old standard works. On the other hand, every one of the army of ill-paid teachers in our schools and colleges, every clergyman, physician, lawyer, or other professional worker, every student or investigator in whatever department of thought, every private individual accumulating a collection of books for the purpose of self-culture, would be benefited by the removal of the tax, not only in pocket, but, as we have already pointed out, in increased facility of access to the storehouse of contemporary thought. How is it possible for anyone to urge that these vastly greater interests should be ignored from fear that their recognition might temporarily disturb the trade adjustments of a few purveyors of manufactured literature?

What is most needful at the present time is that the question should be considered seriously by Congress. The pressure of other subjects upon the attention of that body is so great that a duty which involves a question of principle rather than of large material interests is likely to receive scant consideration. The perpetuation of the impost upon books may follow from mere negligence; it can hardly be the result of a deliberate and rational discussion. Fortunately, the text of the book section in the original draft of the Wilson Bill is so faulty that it can hardly be adopted in the form reported. The clause exempting from the tax all books which contain the results of scientific observations means nothing at all, and might, if adopted as it stands, lead to some extraordinary rulings. It might fairly be held, for example, to cover the Rougon-Macquart novels of M. Zola, which would probably surprise the statesmen by whom it was framed. For the sake of clearness alone, the section must be in some way rewritten, and

we trust that when it emerges in its final shape it will leave all kinds of books (except those protected by the manufacturing clause of the Copyright Law) untaxed for the uses of all sorts of persons.

ENGLISH AT YALE UNIVERSITY.

[The article printed below is the first of a series to be devoted to the subject of English in the more important American colleges and universities. This series of papers will form a conspicuous feature of THE DIAL during 1894. An article, prepared by some member of the faculty concerned, will be devoted to each of a considerable number of institutions, and opportunity will thus be afforded for a comparison, that cannot fail to be instructive, of the methods pursued and the results aimed at. The article now offered by Professor Cook will be followed by articles from Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia College; Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University; Professor Melville B. Anderson, of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University; and many others that we shall have the pleasure of announcing at a later date.—EDR. DIAL.]

According to the Catalogue, Yale College, or the Academical Department of Yale University, has this year 1,086 students. There are four men to do the work in English,—two full professors, Prof. Henry A. Beers and myself, and two instructors, Dr. W. L. Phelps and Dr. A. W. Colton. Fifteen hours a week of English are offered, a three-hour course to Sophomores, two two-hour courses to Juniors, two two-hour courses to Seniors, and two two-hour courses to Juniors and Seniors alike. Eliminating duplicates, 550 men avail themselves of the offer of English instruction, being rather more than one-half the number of students in the College. Of these, 283, or all but three members of the class, are Sophomores; the rest are Juniors and Seniors. One hour a week of English in the Freshman year, or, rather, three hours a week for twelve weeks, is laid down in the Catalogue, but, for lack of teachers (the lamented McLaughlin having died in the summer vacation), is not given during the current Academic year. None of the students at present in the University has been required to pass an entrance examination in English, though such a requirement goes into effect with the beginning of the next Academic year. All the Junior and Senior work is elective; the Sophomores choose five out of six prescribed subjects, these being Greek, Latin, Modern Languages, Mathematics, English Literature, and Physics. As was seen above, all but three Sophomores elect English this year.

In the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University there are 559 undergraduates. For this number two English teachers are provided,—a full professor, Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, and an instructor, Mr. H. A. Smith. Seven and a half hours of work in English are provided,—a required course of one-half an hour per week for Freshmen, condensed into three hours per week for the last six weeks of the year, a required course of one hour for Juniors, an elective course of three hours for Juniors, and an elective course of three hours for Seniors. The Freshman course is given to 228 men, the Junior required course to 175, the Junior elective course to 49, and the Senior elective course to 30, including two graduates. Hitherto, as in the Academical Department, there has been no entrance examination in English, but this will be required in 1895.

The Freshman and Sophomore courses in Yale College are outlined as follows (the Freshman course was actually given last year):

ENGLISH.—The required study of English Literature occupies three hours a week through one-third of Freshman year and the whole of Sophomore year. In Freshman year Brooke's Primer is read, to give the student a view of the whole field; three plays of Shakespeare and the minor English poems of Milton are read in the class-room.

In Sophomore year the following authors are read: Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Addison, Swift, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gray; and the history of the literature is followed in connection with the authors. Practice in composition work is afforded by the preparation of special papers on each author, which is required of the whole class.

The Junior and Senior elective courses in Yale College are the following.

Professor Beers:—

English Poetic Masterpieces. (Juniors. Two hours, both terms.)

Critical readings in the class-room in the text of the "Canterbury Tales," the "Faery Queene," the principal plays of Shakespeare, and the poetry of Milton.

Georgian Literature of the Nineteenth Century. (Seniors. Two hours, both terms.)

This course consists of critical readings in the class-room in the text of the principal English poets from Wordsworth to Keats, with outside assigned reading in the prose authors of the period.

Literature of the Early Stuart and Commonwealth Period. (Seniors. Two hours, both terms.)

The literary history of the half century from 1603 to 1660, with special reference to the decadence of the drama, the development of prose, the "metaphysical poets," and the writings of Milton. Students electing this course must expect to buy a rather large number of books.

Professor Cook:—

History of English Literature. (Juniors. Two hours, both terms.)

An outline of the subject, on the basis of Brooke's "Primer," Taine, Morley's "First Sketch," and Ten Brink's "Early English Literature," with some reading of English authors at first hand. Frequent preparation of brief papers on assigned topics.

Old and Middle English. (Two hours, both terms.)

An elementary course in the beginnings and earlier development of the English language and literature. The first term is devoted to Cook's "First Book in Old English." In the second term this is followed by more difficult Old English texts, and by the reading of selections from Chaucer and other Middle English writers for linguistic purposes.

Tennyson. (Two hours, first term.)

Critical study of selected poems. Tennyson's theory of life, literary art, and place among the poets of this century. Comparative readings in other authors, and frequent preparation of brief papers on assigned topics.

Shakespeare. (Two hours, second term.)

Critical study of a few selected plays. The Leopold edition of Shakespeare; Moulton's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist"; Schmidt's "Shakespeare-Lexicon"; annotated editions of single plays, etc. Frequent preparation of brief papers on assigned topics.

Of these the Catalogue offers the subjoined explanation, with one or two modifications necessary to conform the statements more accurately to the existing condition of things:

A course in Old and Middle English is offered to Juniors and Seniors, and is intended as an introduction to a study of the origins of our language and literature.

A brief survey of the whole field of the History of English Literature is attempted, the aim being to give such a view of the mutual relations of the principal authors and epochs as may enable the student to plan courses of English reading and study with intelligence and judgment. Instruction in this course is given by means of Brooke's Primer of English Literature and other text-books, supplemented by topical study pursued through the medium of papers prepared by the members of the class, which, after being read aloud, are made the subject of discussion.

Opportunity is afforded for the critical study of a number of individual authors in as many different courses. Among those most frequently studied at present are Chaucer, two Elizabethans, Bacon and Shakespeare, and two eminent contemporaries of this century, Tennyson and Browning. Stress is laid in these courses upon the distinctive personality and workmanship of the writer in question, but an endeavor is also made to promote the conception of literary masterpieces as wholes, as works of art subject to the laws of inner unity and harmony, and not merely as texts for verbal study or collateral illustration.

Authoritative statements concerning the courses of the Sheffield Scientific School are as follows:

ENGLISH.—The course is designed to give the student acquaintance with the great representative writers of the various epochs. A history of the language is one of the studies of the Freshman year; and after that year the study of the language is made entirely subordinate to that of the literature. During the first term of Junior year, however, extracts from Early English authors are read, and Early English Grammar is studied, so as to familiarize the student with the inflections then in use and the distinctions existing between the leading dialects. It is the aim of this term's work to give such knowledge of forms, and to some extent of words, that the student will be able to read at sight any Early English author whose writings do not involve special difficulties of language or vocabulary.

With the second term, the regular study of English literature proper begins with Chaucer; and for the rest of the course till the end of Senior year the following authors are read: Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, and later writers. Those mentioned in the lists are always studied, but other authors not named are also taken up, the course varying somewhat in different years. In all cases, complete works of a writer are studied, not extracts; as, for instance, several of Chaucer's Tales, and several of the plays of Shakespeare. The authors are taken up in chronological order, and the literary history of the time is likewise carried on in connection with the great representative writers of each period.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION. — This course, required of the entire Junior class, consists of weekly exercises based on selections from the writings of well-known authors, such as Irving, DeQuincey, and Macaulay. While it intends in the first place to give freedom of expression and the correction of the most obvious faults by practice in writing rapidly the substance of a passage previously assigned, it also aims to direct the attention of the student to qualities of style and methods of composition, to arouse his appreciative interest in the works as literature, and to improve the quality of his writing by improving the quality of his thought. To this end occasional discussions of the selections read will occupy a part of the weekly hour.

The courses of graduate instruction are given under the direction of the Philosophical Faculty which is distinct from that of Yale College or of the Sheffield Scientific School, though naturally including the principal instructors from both. The courses in English are these, besides the undergraduate courses in the History of English Literature, Old and Middle English, Tennyson, and Shakespeare.

Professor Lounsbury: —

The English Literature of the Fourteenth Century.

Professor Beers: —

English Literature. (One hour, both terms.)

The history of English Romanticism from Thomson to Swinburne (1726-1890), with incidental study of the parallel movements in Germany and France. The instruction is given mainly by lectures. Students are required to keep and submit notes of their reading, and to prepare topical papers from time to time.

Professor Cook: —

[The strictly graduate courses offered below will be given according to circumstances and the needs of the graduate students actually in attendance; but special attention will be given to the supervision of individual research along these and similar lines.]

Theories of Poetry. (Two hours, second term.)

A course in the theories of poetry in general, and in the principles of criticism applicable to its various departments, as the epic, dramatic, and lyric. Discussions and papers on the basis of standard works, such as Aristotle's "Poetics," Sidney's "Defense of Poesy," Addison's "Criticisms on Paradise Lost," Boileau's "Art of Poetry," Lessing's "Laökoon," and others of similar character.

Old English Poetry. (One hour, first term.)

The texts used are "Judith" (Cook's edition), "Elene" (Kent's edition), and "The Battle of Maldon" (Sweet's

Reader). These are read, their place in literature examined, and questions of authorship, date, and textual criticism discussed. Ten Brink's and Wülcker's Histories of Old English Literature are constantly used for reference.

Old English Grammar. (One hour, second term.)

An exhaustive grammatical examination of some prose text is made, on the basis of Cook's "Phonological Investigation of Old English" and edition of Siever's Grammar for Phonology, of the latter for Inflection, and of March's Grammar for Syntax.

Historical English Prosody. (One hour, first term.)

Schipper's "Englische Metrik" is adopted as the basis of study, but reference is made to the discrepant views of other authorities.

Middle English Grammar. (One hour, second term.)

An outline of Middle English Phonology and Inflection is given by means of lectures, and the knowledge thus gained is applied in a grammatical study of Chaucer, on the basis of Ten Brink's "Chaucers Sprache und Verskunst."

It will be observed that there is at present no systematic instruction in Rhetoric in Yale University, and that in Yale College composition is taught but incidentally, in connection with the preparation of papers in the literature classes. In the Sheffield Scientific School, Juniors receive instruction in composition for an hour a week throughout the year.

In estimating the amount of work performed by the members of the teaching staff, it must not be overlooked that, because of the size of the classes and the number of divisions, a three-hour course often represents twelve hours of instruction per week, and a two-hour course four or six, and that the professors who give undergraduate instruction are the only ones to offer courses in the Graduate School. To compare the equipment in English with that in some other departments of the College proper it may be mentioned that this year there have been seven men in Greek,— four professors, one assistant professor, and two instructors; in Mathematics seven,— three professors, two assistant professors, and two tutors; and in Latin six,—three professors, one instructor, and two tutors.

Only one linguistic course in English is offered in Yale College, and this is pursued by but three undergraduates, though by four or five times that number of graduates. This will indicate that the study of English linguistics (the term philology of course comprises literary study) has not yet secured a firm foothold in the College proper.

The method of teaching most employed throughout the College and Scientific School is a combination of recitation and lecture, or recitations alternating with occasional lectures. The combination of recitation and lecture might more accurately be described as recitation intermingled with discussion, or with informal comments by the instructor. The *Seminar* has not yet been introduced, but I expect to begin a graduate seminary in Ben Jonson within the next three or four weeks, having, by way of stepping-stone, already organized a Journal Club, which is in successful operation, for reporting on professional periodicals.

The general purpose of the undergraduate literary instruction in both departments is to foster the love of literature and the development of the critical sense, implying, as the latter does, the fullest appreciation of all excellent qualities. Methods vary, as they must, with the individuality of the teacher. The writer might formulate the especial object which he proposes to himself as the development in the student, whether graduate or undergraduate, of insight and power, and indeed he conceives this to be the end of all education whatever. The imparting of information seems to him quite a secondary object; and a love for literature is most likely, as he thinks, to be promoted by the acquisition of insight and power. Of course these terms must be taken in the broadest sense, so as to include the emotional and æsthetic faculties as well as the purely intellectual, the will and the moral nature no less than the reason. To this end no study can be better suited than English, its comprehensiveness, variety, and richness of content rendering it an unsurpassed aliment of the spiritual life, while, by proper methods of instruction, it may be made a most effective instrument of spiritual discipline.

ALBERT S. COOK.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 25, 1894.

"CLEAVE TO THINE ACRE."

My neighbor was a forester,
And ranged with bow and spear;
I was a simple gardener,
And delved the whole round year.

Time came when both a-weary were,
And both resolved on change;
So he became a gardener,
And I the woods did range.

The seed springs never to the light, —
He chides the soil, the air!
The forest genii, in despite,
Adrift mine arrows bear!

Folk say the woods be full of deer,
The wild-flowers praise the soil:
But flower nor game, the whole round year,
Rewards our alien toil.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

TRANSPLANTED GENIUS.

"What can we reason but from what we know?"

While it is well known that to become an art critic one need not be a great painter, and that in literary reviewing one need not follow too closely the motto,

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,"

it is nevertheless an undeniable fact that familiarity with the subject to be treated is essential to that

gusto in the writer which is sure to interest the reader. Wicked men have written hymns, but never such as could rival those of Watts. Landsmen have written of the sea, but, with the possible exception of Barry Cornwall, to very little purpose. I think it is safe to hazard the assertion that the true ring is almost always lacking unless the writer speaks of that which is a part of himself, of his experience, of his "properties" either of race or of environment.

Christopher North — who as an essayist reminds one of that passage in Ossian, "Who comes like the strength of rivers when their crowded waters glitter to the moon,"— on one occasion makes allusion to the subject of transplanted genius. As illustration of the fatefulness of this crucial test, he cites the case of Home, the author of "Douglas." This Highland youth, coming from the land of storm and rock, had produced a drama, the success of which was phenomenal. But when beckoning fortune urged him to repair to London, his genius, in North's eloquent characterization, "became Anglified, took a consumption, and died." All that pertained to the north wind, the heather, or the snow, was property — intellectual assets, familiar from childhood, out of which he might construct drama or ballad. But when he came among a more conventional people, with a tamer civilization, he grew homesick and ill at ease with an apprehension that to the self-contained Sassenach his finest eloquence must seem but tumid rhetoric. He was among a people whom he did not know. There is nothing in the daily life of England which could justify the explanation, "My name is Norval," etc.; and finally he sees himself confronted with what to his Highland spirit is the most discouraging element of all — ridicule.

Take a more familiar instance. Scott has for over half a century held an unassailable position as the great writer of dramatic fiction. Nothing is more remarkable in the author of "Waverley" than his marvellous versatility. How many subjects he touched, and with what skill! The struggle between Norman and Saxon, in "Ivanhoe"; the ferine tortuousness of Louis the Eleventh, in "Quentin Durward"; the varied scenes from almost every era in Scottish history,— how to the life! And no wonder; for he had been an explorer of their dusty archives from his boyhood. The men of history he knew, and was of them. But when he comes to write of the sea, Micawber himself, in seaman's attire, hitching his trousers and shivering his timbers, is not a more absurd figure. The great romancer was ignorant of nautical life, and his imagination could not save him. Fenimore Cooper was confessedly his inferior in literary attainments, but as a writer he may be considered amphibious. Criticism hesitates to choose between those masterpieces, the "Leather-Stocking Tales," so redolent of the woods and so breathless with peril, and those unsurpassed delineations of sea life, "The Red Rover," "Wing and Wing," "The Water-Witch," "The Sea-Lion." The explanation of this versatility is very simple: Cooper was brought up amid the wilds and forests about Otsego Lake, and was familiar with frontier life (of that day) and Indian tradition; while his youth and early manhood were spent at sea as a naval officer. But Cooper, when he wrote "The Bravo," had to do with things unfamiliar, and accordingly the public missed the joyous *allure* which made his former work so fascinating.

Certain critics have assumed that Burns was a poet who could write in two languages, and was not, therefore, limited to his original field; and they assume this because the same hand that drew the masterpiece "Tam-o-Shanter" was also responsible for one of the sweetest idyls in the English language, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," written in the purest Saxon and in the Spenserian stanza. But ah! it was the same Bobby Burns writing of the same people, and trying to show, for once, that his pathos needed no dialect to give verisimilitude. The scenes he describes are everywhere familiar to his boyhood and throughout his brief manhood; in short, he never wrote save of what he knew too well.

So wholly are some authors aware of the necessity of personal experience in order to impart *vraisemblance* to a narrative, that at times they decline to use invention except for the embellishment of their work; that is to say, they do not literally write fiction, but apply to fact the "light that never was." One day a London publisher called upon a little English authoress whose anonymous book had set the world "murmuring like a hive of bees." I refer to the author of "Jane Eyre"— a personality so shy, so reticent, that the writer's sex was not revealed by the *nom de plume*. The publisher, adverting to the extraordinary sale of her second book, "Shirley," urged the continuance of her efforts in so successful a field. "I cannot," she replied, demurely, "at least not for some years. I have written all that I know. I must *live* more."

A similar illustration might be drawn from among the writers on this side of the Atlantic. Bret Harte, after he had made his greatest successes, was often urged by publishers in New York and Boston to write of scenes more familiar to the East,— subjects less quaintly technical of the frontier than were those of his earlier stories. "No," he replied, "I was many years studying the life and language of the frontier. It would take me years to learn a new language — to realize another life." Yet he tried the experiment,— with what success, readers of "Thankful Blossom" can testify.

In brief, when the most intelligent and skilful persons venture to write concerning countries or places other than their own — either by birth, or adoption, or by residence, so long as to shut out earlier impressions — they will seldom write otherwise than as the tourist. Madame de Staël wrote beautifully of Germany, but it is not the Germany that Teutons recognize. Longfellow wrote "Hyperion," a work of pure imagination, faintly tinct-

ured with such German idiom as may be derived from books. Trollope and others have given us an Englishman's Italy. Frederika Bremer has written of "Homes in the New World"—but has not described them. *Cœlum non animum qui trans mare currunt.* We must conclude, however unchangeable may be our "animum," however changeable our "Cœlum," we cannot hope to describe successfully any soil, any autocthones, but our own.

S. R. Elliott.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"JAPANESE METAPHOR AND SIMILE."

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

In your issue of January 16 is a communication, under the above caption, from Mr. Frederick Ives Carpenter, who discusses Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's and Professor Chamberlain's statements concerning the use of simile, metaphor, personification, and allegory, among the Japanese. This is, in fact, a much mooted question, with the chances rather in favor of those two thorough students of "things Japanese." And yet Mr. Carpenter cites a number of illustrations to the contrary; and to these I beg to add a few, gathered in connection with the teaching of English in a government school in the interior of Japan.

"Time flies as swiftly as an arrow." "When we think about the things of the past, all are like dreams." "Of course, this fruit [the 'honor' of graduation] could not be obtained without the flower, our own diligence and energy." "When we consider our positions in a new society, we are like a ship in the broad, limitless ocean. We cannot move without a compass." "And, instead of arriving at our promised harbor, we shall strike against dreadful rocks and be broken into pieces, or we shall be destroyed by the raging waves." "But happily and fortunately we have received a compass with which we can move. What is that compass? It is the education which we received in school." "If we do not use the knowledge we have already received, we are only living book-boxes." "So the Empire is our parent." These sentences are all taken from a single graduating essay. A pupil of the same school once said to the foreign teacher: "You are my light and my ship to across the sea of English language."

The study of the etymology of Japanese words often reveals in the language fossil metaphors which are not uninteresting, but of which only a few examples at random may be cited here. The Japanese word for "mule" literally means "rabbit-horse"; an "animal" is only a "hairy thing"; the "Adam's apple" is a "throat-dumpling"; a "glove" is simply a "hand-bag"; a "porcupine" is a "pin-rat"; "cream" is the "milk's upper skin"; a "dentist" is, of course, a "tooth-doctor"; the "gums" are "teeth-roots"; "molasses" is "sugar-honey"; and "subjects" (in composition) are "seeds of speech."

And yet the contention of Messrs. Chamberlain, Hearn, Dening, and others, is in the main correct, at least from a comparative point of view. As a rule, the typical Japanese is very practical and matter-of-fact, as some of the fossil metaphors above cited show. He cares little for linguistic beauties, idealistic turns of expression, and metaphysical niceties. As a "born" æsthete, he might be expected to enjoy the beauty of figurative language; but he is a lover of nature, of the real and the actual more than of the fanciful and the figurative.

Mr. Percival Lowell, in "The Soul of the Far East," has picturesquely followed out this same idea of the impersonality of Japanese thought as expressed in that language, in which inflectional or formational distinctions of gender and number and person are lacking. He asserts that "the idea of supposing sex where there is not even life is altogether too fanciful a notion for the Far Eastern mind." But he is compelled to admit some personification in the deifying of natural phenomena — the sun-goddess, the moon-god (dess ?), the wind-god, the fire-god, the thunder-god, etc. He says, however, in respect to this: "Even such personification of natural forces, simple enough to be self-suggested, quickly disappeared."

And one thing at least is certain: that the Japanese, even though in his national childhood he deified the forces of nature, did not generally go so far with his spirit of fancy as, like the Greeks, to people the beautiful trees and flowers of his land with fairies. He admired, and admires, the beauties of nature just as they are; he loves a flower *as a flower*.

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more";

except that, as "nothing more" than a real flower, it was full of beauty.

Ernest W. Clement.

Chicago, Jan. 22, 1894.

THE "STAR SYSTEM" IN PERIODICALS.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

It was a very apt criticism, when a certain periodical was spoken of by one of our most respectable dailies, a few years ago, as "Mr. Blank's sensational monthly newspaper." It is the great fault of the "star system," discussed by a writer in The Dial of January 16, that it has supplanted a valuable type of literature with material which has its appropriate place (so much of it, I mean, as deserves any place at all) in the columns of the daily and weekly press. When the "star" is a Congressman or a Senator (the order here is intentional) the chances are that the "Congressional Record" and the morning papers will furnish us material from the same pen better in every respect than that which is secured by the "star" magazine editor. This could be demonstrated again and again by comparing speeches delivered in Congress during the past year with articles printed in prominent Reviews from the same men. A quarter's worth of postal-cards to Congressmen will secure more literature of that kind than a whole year's subscription to one of these magazines; and if American thoughtlessness did not once in a while get the better of American thrift, the people would resort to the cheaper source of supply.

Is it not within the range of possibilities that a really dignified Review, of the old-fashioned type and traditions, should be produced and maintained in the United States? Such periodicals as The Dial, "The Nation," and "The Critic" are doing an admirable work, which no one would be willing to see interfered with; but their field is entirely different from that in question, and if the latter should be occupied they would be helped, not hindered, in their task.

W. H. Johnson.

Johns Hopkins University, Jan. 26, 1894.

The New Books.

Massachusetts: An Object Lesson.*

Six years ago, Mr. Brooks Adams put forth a book entitled: "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," in which he took a very pessimistic view of his native State. We gave at the time an elaborate review of it in The Dial (Vol. VII., p. 263). It was a book of large pretensions, of swaggering assertions, and of very little historical merit. The most striking incident concerning it was the fact that it was written by the youngest scion of a family which had been identified for many generations with the proudest annals of Massachusetts and of the Nation, and had furnished two Presidents of the United States. There were callow and dudish symptoms in the style and treatment which almost disarmed criticism, and inspired the hope that the young man, as he matured, would recover the ancestral spirit and gripe, and see much to respect and venerate in the history of his native State, as his ancestors had done.

In the review named, we spoke, by way of contrast, of the writings of those ancestors which were commendatory of Massachusetts, and of some excellent contributions by the author's elder brother, Mr. Charles Francis Adams. We are now sorry to say that this elder brother has just put forth a book on Massachusetts written in the same pessimistic spirit —but not with the same feebleness and empty assertion—as the one already noticed. It has bright and epigrammatic clauses, plausible half-truths, and stinging libels, which may be quoted with effect. It is an armory from which the bitter enemies of Massachusetts and of the Puritan fathers may draw the poisoned arrows they need. And this war-material is furnished by a son of Massachusetts!

It was said of John Adams, more than a century ago: "If any one predicts what Mr. Adams will do, it is certain that Mr. Adams will do something else." This uncertainty as to "what Mr. Adams will do" is a family characteristic, and honestly survives in the present generation. In drawing party lines, the Adamses were always the unclassified element; for when it was least expected, they jumped their party traces.

"An Object Lesson" is the best part of the title of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's book, for it shows what an able man and a vigorous writer, who has strong theological prejudices, with some personal and family idiosyncrasies, can do, if he tries, in writing about his native State, the foundations of which were laid by his own ancestors. The work is anything but eulogistic; and, with a few exceptional instances of just and impartial treatment, is captious, narrow, bitter in spirit, and defamatory. It evidently was hastily thrown together, made up of old material, and shows slight information on the obscure points of Massachusetts history. Of the historians of the State whom he promised to write about, he says little besides frequently characterizing them as "filio-pietistic writers." Dr. Palfrey is the only one he names, and he seems to have for the amiable Doctor a special spite. His own father and grandfather and great-grandfather were writers of Massachusetts history. Would he regard them as "filio-pietistic, perverting the facts and distorting the record"?

By his over-worked expression, "filio-pietism," he means "filial piety" or "veneration for one's ancestors." The compound word is doubtless his own invention; for it is bad in construction and in signification, and is not in literature nor the dictionaries. "Pietism" and "pietistic" are English words, and do not have the meaning he assigns to them. They are derived from and used only in reference to the "Pietists," a sect in Germany noted for strong religious feeling rather than intellectual orthodoxy. Nevertheless, with the meaning of "respect for one's ancestors," our author uses them as terms of reproach; whereas such respect is not only a natural and laudable sentiment, but in oriental countries is regarded as one of the highest virtues, and akin to religion. The literary reputation of Mr. Adams would be improved if his writings showed some symptoms of this quality.

John Quincy Adams, our present author's grandfather, in a historical address delivered in 1843, said:

> "The primary cause of the various settlements in New England was religion. It was not the search for gold, nor the pursuit of wealth. It was the Christian religion purified and refined from its corruptions by the fires of persecution. With that religion was inseparably connected the code of Christian morals in its simplicity and purity — a code, above all others, resting upon the fundamental principle of the natural equality of mankind."

The purpose for which New England was settled is thus stated in the preamble of the

* Massachusetts: Its Historians and Its History. An Object Lesson. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

compact of union made by the Commissioners of the four Colonies, in 1648:

"Whereas, we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end and aim, namely: to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberties of the Gospel in purity and peace; and whereas," etc.

The grand charge which the grandson brings against the founders of Massachusetts and their descendants is, that they had too much religion, and had the worst kind of religion. They were Calvinists, and believed in eternal punishment and hell-fire. Theirs, he says, was "a religious practice or creed which has now become abhorent, and is recognized as morbid. The simple fact is that the Calvinistic, orthodox tenets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries constituted nothing more nor less than an outrage on human nature." Such a statement, by an alleged historian of the nineteenth century, would be comical, if it had not been written in sober earnest, and was not "An Object Lesson" of the *odium theologicum* of a narrow and illiberal clique of historical writers which flourishes in our day. Mr. Adams later shows what sort of religion the forefathers ought to have had. The misfortune is that they did not find such religion in the New Testament, and it had not then been invented.

"The struggle for equality of man before the law, on the one hand," says Mr. Adams, "and freedom of conscience [or full religious toleration, as he elsewhere terms it], on the other, constitutes the theme of modern history. I propose to study them in our Massachusetts history." Like his theology, his definition of the scope of history is very narrow. That of John Quincy Adams was much broader: "History is the record of the transactions of human beings associated in communities." The doctrine of the equality of man was the offspring of Puritanism. That the peasant, in his rights before the law, was equal to the priest and the nobleman, was in the seventeenth century a new and strange theory, and contrary to the traditions and social habits of the English people. The peasant was the last to comprehend the fact; but it was doctrine of the English Commonwealth. On the Restoration of Charles II. the old social inequality came back, and it survives in England to this day. The good seed of equality had been planted in the Massachusetts Colony, and there found a congenial soil and rich fruitage. Mr. Adams says:

"So far as equality before the law — personal civil liberty — is concerned, the record of no community seems to me more creditable, more consistent, than that of Massachusetts. No other portion of the world was then ready to accept so startling a paradox. From the days of the settlement, through the revolution, down to the fall of slavery, in the principles of civil liberty and human rights, Massachusetts has always been in the front."

The views of Mr. Adams on this point are historically just and well expressed. "As respects religious toleration," he says, "it has been of a character wholly different." He means that the colonists did not allow interlopers and ranting sects to come in and break up their temporal and spiritual paradise. This is true, and it was a policy that needs no apology and scarcely an explanation. Self-defense is an instinct of human nature; and unless the colonists had shut out the swarm of ranting and abusive religious sects which were ready to pounce upon them with the plea of religious toleration, the Colony would have been blotted out in less than five years. The planters were making a settlement for themselves, where they might enjoy civil and religious freedom in peace and quietude. They knew, by the outrages committed by the anarchistic sects that had ravaged Germany and the Netherlands for nearly a century, and by experience with the new crop of fanatics that were then disturbing England, what the specious plea of religious toleration meant. The term "toleration" the colonists hated; and the sects that used it they dreaded.

The Anabaptist disturbance began in Germany soon after the Reformation under Luther was in progress. It grew out of a controversy whether or not infants should be baptized, and whether or not persons baptized in infancy should be re-baptized when they joined their new sects. The original subject in dispute was soon lost sight of in the *mêlée* that followed; but it gave a name to the wretched fanaticism. The sects that sprang up were very numerous, — such as Antinomians, Familists, Dippers, Waterlanders, etc. They opposed alike the Reformation and the Catholic Church, demanded full religious toleration, and persecuted everybody else with fire and sword. Their headquarters were at Münster, in Westphalia, which they captured, and crowned John (a tailor) of Leyden as King of New Zion. They practiced polygamy; and every excess of cruelty and immorality abounded. Conservative parties and the civil government organized against them. Their leaders were captured, tortured to death with red-hot pincers, and hung up in iron cages as a warning to that sort of people. Their operations had extended to Switzerland and

the Netherlands, and filled the minds of Englishmen with horror and apprehension.

When Massachusetts was settled, England was filled with malignant, whimsical, heady, and fantastic sects, all holding to religious toleration. Their purpose and practice were to make all the disturbance they could; and they were ready to go to the ends of the earth to do it. To America they looked as a rich field for their pestering energies. Some professed to be inspired, and to have special revelations from heaven. Their conduct in England was abusive and disorderly; they were arrested by the police, and filled the prisons and guard-rooms. They assailed churches, disturbed religious assemblies, fought other sects, and, claiming full toleration, made themselves general nuisances. The Quakers — now the mildest and most inoffensive of people — were one of these disorderly sects. George Fox, their founder, spent most of his life in prison as a disturber of the peace, and for offenses which in Chicago today would send him to the Bridewell. A full catalogue and description of these sects and their principles may be read in the following contemporary publications:

Heresiography; or a Description of the Heretics and Sectaries sprung up in these latter times, etc. By Ephraim Pagit. London, 1645.

Gangræna; or a Catalogue and Discovery of many of the Errors, Heresies, Blasphemies, and pernicious practices of the Sectaries of this time vented and acted in England in the four last years, etc. By Thomas Edwards. London, 1646.

The Dippers Dipt; or the Anabaptists Duck't and Plung'd over Head and Ears, etc. By Daniel Featley. London, 1647.

These were the sort of advocates of religious toleration whom the founders of Massachusetts Colony feared, and intended to keep out; and their charter from the Crown was so drafted as to give them the right —

"At all times hereafter, for their special defense and safety, to encounter, expulse, and resist, by force of arms, as well by sea as by land, and by all fitting ways and means whatsoever, all such person or persons as shall at any time hereafter attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment, or annoyance of the said plantation, or inhabitants thereof."

Their Charter, also, gave them in fee-simple the land within the bounds described; namely, from three miles south of the Charles river to three miles north of the Merrimack river, and east and west from ocean to ocean. This land was not sold, but was allotted to towns and distributed as a gift to their own people. Strangers were not allowed a residence, and much less citizenship. The colonists were legally a close corporation — as much so as a modern land company, — having the right to exclude persons whom they deemed undesirable as settlers, and to "expulse" those who gave them trouble. They put this right into operation as soon as they landed; and during the first year they sent back to England fourteen interlopers and persons immoral or troublesome. During the first ten years they banished twenty such persons, which served as a warning to a multitude of malignant sectaries who would have come uninvited. As it was, they were pestered almost beyond endurance by straggling fanatics who came in defiance of law and the rights of the colonists. What an idiotic policy it had been if they had proclaimed Toleration to all comers, as Mr. Adams thinks they should have done! Fortunately, the founders of the Massachusetts Colony were not idiots. The world was not ready for Toleration. The different religious sects, as a rule, then quarrelled and persecuted each other as if by instinct.

When the forefathers talked and wrote so earnestly about the blessings of religious liberty, they had in mind no abstract principle of general application; for such an application was then impossible. They meant liberty for *themselves* — the undisturbed opportunity of enjoying the rights of their own consciences, — immunity from the errors, formalism, and persecution of the English churches, — and escape from the annoyances of the pestering sects that abounded in England.

It is an old and stale charge, made by malignant enemies of the Puritans — of whom Mr. Adams appears to be one — that the founders of Massachusetts were theorists, and came over to establish universal religious liberty — which the said malignants define as general religious Toleration; and, because it was not done, they heap upon the fathers every term of reproach, and Mr. Adams styles those who have read and made history aright, "filio-pietistic writers who have recourse to every form of sophistry to palliate or excuse this action." To the candid student of the early annals, nothing can be more obvious than the original opinions and intentions of the first settlers, and that they detested no expression more than the word "Toleration." Their first Synod of 1637, and the banishment of Anne Hutchinson, with John Wheelwright and their associates the same year, brought out the fact, with startling significance, that the Massachusetts Colony was no place for religious cranks. Nathaniel Ward, in his "Simple Cobler of Aggawam," 1647,

said: "My heart hath naturally detested tolerations of divers religions"; and yet he was the man who six years before had written the "Body of Liberties of the Massachusetts Colonie" (1641), the noble preamble of which has the ring of the Declaration of Independence, 1776:

"The free fruition of such liberties, immunities, and privileges as humanity, civility, and Christianity call for, as due to every man in his place and proportion, without impeachment and infringement, hath ever been, and will ever be, the tranquility and stability of Churches and Commonwealths; and the denial or deprival thereof, the disturbance, if not the ruin, of both."

Samuel Willard, in 1661, said:

"I perceive they [the Quakers] are mistaken in the design of our first planters, whose business was not Toleration, but were professed enemies of it. Their business was to settle and secure religion to posterity according to that way which they believed was of God."

Mr. Adams cannot see how the record of Massachusetts differs from that of Spain under Philip II., of France under Louis XIV., and of England under the Stuarts. This is too simple a problem to resolve for his benefit at this time. He says "a theological glacier settled down upon Massachusetts in 1637 which lasted for nearly a century and a half; and generations grew up under the benumbing influence of provincial life and teaching." "Glacier," "ice-period," and "benumbing" are the favorite and most frequent metaphors in the book. For a people under such frigid and benumbed conditions, they were always vigilant, and at times unusually lively. In 1643 they formed a union, for the purposes of defense, with the other three New England Colonies. By wise diplomacy and prudent delay, in 1664 they defeated the schemes of the four royal commissioners sent over to bring away their charter. They were not asleep nor hibernating when, about that time, the Quakers came over to persecute them; but, on the other hand, they made it quite lively for the Quakers. They carried on and finished up King Philip's War in 1675, like good soldiers, and the Indians never discovered they were benumbed. By sea they made an expedition against Port Royal in 1690, at their own expense; and by a siege, in 1745, captured Louisburg from the French. In the long French and Indian War which ended in the capture of Canada, they bore a conspicuous part. In the "Great Awakening," or religious revival, of 1740, Mr. Adams thinks they displayed too much energy.

How much Toleration was there in Virginia during that century and a half? Hening's Virginia Statutes at Large will give the information. The penalty for absence from the English Established Church—and no other preaching was allowed—on a Sunday was a pound of tobacco; and for a month's absence fifty pounds. In England the fine for not attending church was 12d., and for keeping a servant who did not go to church for a month, £10. Were people in the other American colonies happier and more intelligent than in Massachusetts?

The Rhode Island Colony had Toleration, and were its people benefited thereby? Mr. Adams thinks they had too much of this blessing, for it brought them misery, and that continually. He says:

"Anything taken in excess acts as a poison; no matter how good or healthful it may be in itself and in proper quantities. Rhode Island went through this experience in its early days. It was the dumping-ground for the surplus intellectual activity of New England. The born agitator, the controversialist, the generally otherwise-minded, — every type of thinker, whether crude and half-crazy like Samuel Gorton, or only advanced like Roger Williams, there found refuge."

This is a fair description of the sort of people which the Massachusetts founders tried to keep out; and Mr. Adams, while he blames them for so doing, does not hesitate to give the result of the Rhode Island experiment, although it is fatal to his theory:

"Thus what was a good and most necessary element in the economy of nature and the progress of human development, was in excess in Rhode Island; and the natural result followed,—a disordered community. It could not have been otherwise; it was inevitable. Massachusetts rejected and expelled whatever it did not [and could not] assimilate; and so did Spain. They had always before their eyes an object lesson of the most unfortunate character in the Colony of Rhode Island,—an object lesson which was made to do active service with the Massachusetts theologians then, as it has with its historians since."

Why, pray, should not the confessed failure of Toleration in Rhode Island—the only experiment which was tried—be used by historians as an "object lesson"? Cotton Mather said in his "Magnalia": "If a man had lost his religion, he might find it in the general muster of religious opinions in Rhode Island."

Jonathan Edwards Mr. Adams regards as "a curiosity, a vast glacial boulder, the legitimate outcome of orthodoxy, with a powerful and acute intellect, — a man of pure life and gentle, kindly nature. His God was a horrible fetich, a demon of injustice, vengeance, and wrath, and a cruelty of disposition at once infinite and insatiable. And this frightful nightmare, this access of morbid superstition, he deduced logically from the Scriptures." He gives extended extracts from the sermons of Edwards

on the punishment of the wicked, in order to show that the above portrayal of the man and his doctrines is not exaggerated. Only one phase, however, of the preaching of Edwards is shown in these extracts. It is the evident intention of Mr. Adams to convey the impression that such preaching was peculiar to New England; whereas in Europe it was common in the Catholic and Protestant churches of that time. If his theological reading had been wider, he would have found abundant instances of similar and even more lurid rhetoric, in the sermons of English and Continental preachers. Here is the title of a sermon by John Bunyan, "the sweet dreamer of Bedford jail," published in London in 1675, and treating the subject in his plain and realistic style: "Sighs from Hell; or, Groans of a Damned Soul."

Mr. Adams touches very lightly on the witchcraft craze of 1692; and he falls into the mistakes of Mr. Lecky, who asserts that it "was simply the natural result of Puritanical teaching," and that "during the period of the Commonwealth, probably more alleged witches perished in England than in the whole period before and after." Both writers ought to have known that myriads of victims of the superstition perished before Puritanism was heard of, and that the delusion raged more fearfully in Catholic than in Protestant countries,—30,000 persons having been burned in the British islands, 75,000 in France, 100,000 in Germany, and untold numbers in Spain and southern Europe. Of those executed in England, probably not one-thirtieth part of them perished during the Commonwealth. The statistics and shocking details of witch executions in England have not been written up, and have never commended themselves as a subject of thorough historical investigation to an English antiquary. An Englishman prefers to talk about New-England witchcraft, of which much is matter of court record. The penal statutes against witchcraft enacted by James I. were not repealed until 1736. The whole number who suffered in New England was only thirty-two; and English churchmen and American "liberals" still presume to taunt the Puritans of New England with being excessively superstitious for men of their time.

The mild penal code existing in early Massachusetts, by the side of what Mr. Adams calls "a most sulphurous theological creed," he regards as an historical anomaly. In the first code of Massachusetts laws, the "Body of Liberties," 1641, there were only twelve capital offenses named. When Sir William Blackstone was delivering his law lectures at Oxford, 115 years later, there were 160 capital offenses on the English statute books. A statute in the twenty-second year of Henry VIII. provided that criminals convicted of murder should be boiled to death, and many victims suffered the penalty.

Other anomalies puzzle Mr. Adams and plead for explanation,—that a people so priest-ridden, so benumbed and under a "glacial mass of superstition and terrorism" should have made the model Constitution of 1780, "which," he says, "first fixed on philosophical principles the lines and limitations of what is known as the American Constitution, and pioneered the way for the Federal Constitution of 1787,"—that its ministers preached rigid conformity in religion and stubborn independence in politics,—that secular education and general intelligence were so fondly and persistently cherished,—that from the earliest times the ministers and churches had been a part of the governmental machinery,—and "that, in time, the intellect of Massachusetts, schooled by self-government, *did* work itself out from under the incubus of superstition, prejudice, and narrow conformity imposed upon it by the first generation of magistrates and ministers."

Mr. Adams discovers a solution of these anomalies, and ascribes the salvation of Massachusetts to *politics*. Assuming that the glacial period extended to February, 1761, when the revolutionary struggle over the Writs of Assistance began, he asserts that politics from that date overshadowed their religious life, and the people emerged from their long benumbed and frigid condition.

In arriving at this sapient conclusion, Mr. Adams is unmindful of the fact that the Massachusetts colonists were politicians from the start, and never lost sight of their civil state and its stability as a government. Religion was a part of their politics, and politics a large part of their religion. Under the Stuarts they were in constant danger of losing their charter, and their perpetual controversies with the Crown gave them a training in diplomacy, and a familiarity with legal precedents and the rights of Englishmen better even than the Prime Minister possessed. Hence they were the most acute diplomatists and politicians of their time. Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams were banished more for their bad politics than for their bad religion. The former was a disturber of social order, and the latter challenged the validity of

the Colony charter. The Quakers were a grievous nuisance when they disturbed religious meetings, broke glass bottles over ministers' heads as a sign of emptiness, and when their maidens appeared in church clothed in sackcloth and ran through the streets without clothing of any sort. All this might have been endured; but when they shook their fists in the faces of the magistrates, and shouted in defiant tones, "Thou hast no government; thy charter is not worth the skin on which it is written; no, we will not go back to Rhode Island; we came here to die; thou darst not hang us,"— short work was made of those four Quakers. Of the many instances where the colonists have been blamed for using severe measures, there was probably not one in which politics did not furnish a stronger motive for such treatment than religion. With more historical accuracy Mr. Adams might have said that his forefathers had too much politics. His theory that politics resolved a glacial period of a century and a half seems to need confirmation; and proof is also needed that such a glacial period ever existed.

The advent of Unitarianism shares with politics the honor, in Mr. Adams's mind, of having saved Massachusetts. It came rather late; for if Massachusetts has been saved, it was saved before May 5, 1819, when William Ellery Channing preached the sermon at the ordination of Jared Sparks at Baltimore. In the summer (June and August) of 1837 Unitarianism "flowered," he says, when Theodore Parker was ordained a minister at West Roxbury, and Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge. Mr. Adams regards these as very important dates. They have not been so considered by modern historical writers of Massachusetts, who were all Unitarians, — Palfrey, Peabody, Bancroft, Quincy, Savage, Upham, Deane, Ellis, and Eliot,—and no one of them ever suggested that Massachusetts needed salvation. The theory that she had fallen from grace, and needed to be brought out of the miry clay by politics and Unitarianism, is an original conception of Mr. Adams.

The just and appreciative treatment of Increase and Cotton Mather is a creditable and surprising feature of the book. It is surprising, because it has been the fashion of "liberal" writers to speak of them and their writings in disparaging and abusive terms. This tirade of malignity began in 1825 when James Savage edited Winthrop's Journal; and was kept up, one writer copying another, for nearly fifty years. Cotton Mather's biographer, Mr. Peabody, wrote in 1840: "The 'Magnalia' has fallen into disrepute with those who read for instruction. Its value is not to be estimated by its usefulness, but by the more doubtful standard of oddity and age. His works now sleep in repose where even the antiquary seldom disturbs them."

Mr. Adams, on the other hand, regards the "Magnalia" as one of the pinnacles of American literature; and to-day the writings of the Mathers are more sought for by collectors and libraries in this country and in Europe, and bring higher prices, than those of any other family which has lived in America.

Even so judicious and usually fair writer as Dr. Palfrey characterized, in 1846, the "Magnalia" as "a historical medley which is beneath criticism in any point of view." In 1869, the Doctor, in my presence, apologized for the use of the above expression as being unjust; "but," he said, "it was the fashion of the day when it was uttered." About twenty-five years ago the tide turned, and since then there have been writers who could speak well of the Mathers. No one has spoken for them more justly and effectively than Mr. Adams. He cites the conduct of the Mathers when innoculation for small-pox was introduced into Boston, in 1721, by Dr. Boylston, and the physicians opposed it on theological grounds as impiety and resisting the providence of God. He says:

"To the everlasting credit of Increase and Cotton Mather—one the President of Harvard College—they rose above the grovelling stage of superstition, and faced the storm of popular odium. The excitement was great, and Dr. Boylston bore witness to the fact that without the great moral support of the Mathers, he would have been obliged to succumb. As it was, an attempt was made on the life of Cotton Mather; while his father, then eighty-three years of age, closed his long life of literary activity by writing a pamphlet showing that innoculation against small-pox was not only scientific, but had been blessed of God."

On the literary merit of their writings, Mr. Adams says:

"From Cotton Mather to Nathaniel Hawthorne is a long stride; but there is no immediate stepping-stone. The 'Magnalia' was published in 1702, and 'Twice-Told Tales' in 1837 — the one a boulder, the other a flower — and between them is — nothing! This Hawthorne himself recognized; and to the 'Magnalia' he instinctively went back as to a store-house of material. So did Longfellow; for, with the possible exception of Dr. Franklin's Autobiography, the intermediate 135 years of Massachusetts history left absolutely nothing to be classified as general literature which posterity has cared to preserve."

With the above sweeping statement as to the dearth of literature in Massachusetts from

1702 to 1837, I do not concur; but I have not space here to discuss the question. To the "Magnalia," however, and its author are assigned a position in American literature to which they are justly entitled. The other four hundred printed books of Cotton Mather, and the vast collection of his manuscripts, will some day be explored and give up material as quaint and interesting as that found in the "Magnalia."

W. F. Poole.

Crossing the Continent.*

The most influential as well as the most picturesque factor in American history has been the steady march of civilization across the continent. Columbus opened the way for the process, and it has been going on ever since. But in a bulletin of the Superintendent of the Census for 1890—a century after the taking of the first census, four centuries after the discovery of the continent—occurs this significant announcement: "Up to and including 1880, the country had a frontier of settlement; but at present the unsettled area has been so broken into by isolated bodies of settlement that there can hardly be said to be a frontier line." This marks the close of the first period of American history, and inaugurates a new era. The continent is crossed by settlement.

It is peculiarly appropriate that there should have been given to the world at this time a reprint, in elaborate and sumptuous form, of the history of the Lewis and Clark expedition to the sources of the Missouri, across the Rocky Mountains, and down the Columbia to the Pacific, in the years 1804–6. The expedition was the first to cross the continent within the limits of the United States. It was connected with some of the most influential processes in American history. Jefferson, who gave to us the Ordinance of 1784, and with whose name the purchase of the Louisiana territory is associated, was its projector. It grew out of plans for the advancement of the fur trade. The fur trader had, from the days of Champlain and La Salle, been the path-finder for civilization. In 1786, while the Annapolis Convention was discussing the navigation of the Potomac, Jefferson wrote to Washington, from Paris, inquiring about the best place for a canal between the Ohio and the Great Lakes. This was in promotion of a project of Ledyard, a Connecticut Yankee, who was then in Paris endeavoring to interest a wealthy business house there in the fur trade of the far West. So great an interest did Jefferson take in the plan that he secured from the house a promise that, if it undertook the scheme, the depot of supply should be at Alexandria, Virginia. After the failure of the negotiations of Ledyard, Jefferson proposed to him to cross Russia and take ship to Nootka Sound, and thence return to the Atlantic coast by way of the Missouri. The plan fell through, and Ledyard died while exploring the Nile; but the project suggested the Lewis and Clark expedition. This expedition was instructed to investigate the possibilities of the fur traffic and the feasibility of a transcontinental trading route. But before this expedition was planned, Jefferson had proposed to the American Philosophical Society that a subscription should be raised to enable Captain Lewis (afterwards Jefferson's private secretary) to cross the continent with a single companion. The person selected was André Michaux, a French botanist. The expedition failed because of the recall of Michaux by the French minister. Dr. Coues suspects that this was due to Jefferson's suspicions that the botanist was a spy in the secret service of the French government. If the editor had consulted the Clark Manuscripts, in the Library of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, he would have been able to state from Michaux's own letters that he was actually intriguing, on behalf of Genet, with General George Rogers Clark, the conqueror of the Illinois country, who desired to expatriate himself, and who accepted a French commission to conquer the mouth of the Mississippi from Spain. Dr. Coues makes no effort to untangle the web of conspiracy that was spread over the West at this time; but surely it is a striking fact that William Clark, one of the leaders of the expedition whose history Dr. Coues edits, was brother of the man whose intrigues with Michaux aroused Jefferson's suspicions, and frustrated this earlier project.

The personnel of the expedition is of fur-

* History of the Expedition under the Command of Lewis and Clark to the sources of the Missouri River, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean, performed during the years 1804–5–6, by order of the Government of the United States. A new edition, faithfully reprinted from the only authorized edition of 1814, with copious critical commentary, prepared upon examination of unpublished official archives, and many other sources of information, including a diligent study of the original manuscript journals and field notes of the explorers, together with a new biographical and bibliographical introduction, new maps, and other illustrations, and a complete index. By Elliott Coues, late Captain and Assistant Surgeon United States Army, late Secretary and Naturalist United States Geological Survey, Member of the National Academy of Sciences, etc. In 4 vols. New York: Francis P. Harper.

ther interest, since its epitomizes the factors of Western advance. In the crossing of the continent the buffalo's trail followed the easiest lines of advance, the Indian followed the buffalo, the trapper and fur trader followed the Indian, and the backwoods farmers and cattle-raisers followed the trapper. Through Cumberland Gap in the Alleghenies, and through South Pass in the Rockies, went the same procession. Now, when Lewis and Clark took their party to the Pacific they took with them an Indian woman, a captive from the Rocky Mountains, whose services as guide and interpreter form one of the most picturesque elements of the story; they took French voyageurs, or water-men, descendants of that lively adventurous throng whose canoeing songs had echoed along the forest-girt shores of the Great Lakes in the days of the old *régime*; there were also backwoodsmen, with William Clark at their head—a man of the hardy stock that had won Kentucky and ousted the British from the Illinois country, and who had himself fought with Wayne in the campaign that gave the farmer the Northwest. Tidewater Virginia was personified in Captain Lewis; and among the party were Yankees from New Hampshire and Vermont. Representatives of the Middle States were also there. Thus there marched in this company the elements that opened the West, and with them were representatives of those sections that struggled for dominance there; while in the person of York, Captain Lewis's negro, there passed through Missouri, and on to Oregon, the herald of many woes — the prototype of Dred Scott. As the expedition ascended the Missouri it passed La Charette creek, the Missouri home of Daniel Boone; and Clark's map of 1814 notes Boone's Salt Works. Thus the mind runs back to the history of this famous frontiersman, who in the first half of the eighteenth century followed the traders from his Pennsylvania home along the Great Valley to the Yadkin in North Carolina; next, led by traders' reports, crossed the Alleghenies and became the pioneer of Kentucky, and from there had gone to Missouri. His son was one of the earliest trappers of the Rocky Mountain passes, and camped on the site of Denver when it was a wilderness; Kit Carson's mother was a Boone. In how few names can the history of the crossing of the continent be written! When Clark returned to Saint Louis, one of his first letters, describing the passes he had discovered, was to his brother George Rogers, conqueror of the Illinois country and intriguer with France for the Mississippi Valley. Perhaps we cannot ask Dr. Coues to elucidate the broader historical phases of the expedition, but he should have reprinted this letter, so dramatic in its bearings and so admirable in its *résumé* of the expedition. It is to be regretted that the Doctor occasionally indulges himself in such remarkable lucubrations as this comment on the fact that the explorers named two streams "Wisdom" and "Philanthrophy" respectively, in commemoration of Jefferson's character:

> "To complete this system of geographical ethics, they should have discontinued the name of Jefferson for the main stream, and called this *Paine* river, whose main forks should have been *Religion* and *Common Sense;* for Thomas Paine's soul flowed into Jefferson's, bearing a precious quality of spiritual reasonableness, which informed and filled the mind of the greatest statesman America ever produced. What we owe to Jefferson is history — what Jefferson owed to Paine is the very mystery of godlikeness. It is well to keep the reputed paternity of our country before the common people by the name of Washington, and uphold William Tell among the simple Swiss; but Washington's intellect shrinks out of sight before Jefferson's, and Jefferson's dwarfs in comparison with Paine's. Washington whipped some average British soldiery; Jefferson was more than a match for Napoleon Bonaparte; he gave us more than half our country with a stroke of his pen, without spilling a drop of blood; and the whole of our country has grown up on principles enunciated from the French jail where Thomas Paine lay languishing, dreaming dreams that we have awakened to realize."

Nevertheless, it must be said that Dr. Coues has the devotion of an enthusiast, that he satisfies all the requirements of a careful bibliographer and a sympathetic and well qualified editor of the geographical and natural history material of the volumes, and that he has given minute and apparently careful study to the manuscript journals which have fallen into his hands. The editorial notes, which quote the original words of the explorers, from which Biddle wrote the narrative here reprinted, afford us glimpses of what Dr. Coues calls "an unexampled curiosity in literature." It is certainly to be hoped that Dr. Coues will at some day reprint the original text of the explorers, and that he will make use of the William Clark papers in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. This will enable him to cast additional light on one of the two explorers. He has already made a good beginning in his memoirs of Lewis and Clark which introduce the volumes.

The narrative itself contains exciting incidents and "hair-breadth 'scapes." The turbulence of their river highway, the sudden

floods, the grizzlies, and the Indians, were often likely to have brought the leaders to an untimely end. Aside from the picturesque incidents, and the information of value to the geographer and naturalist, the volumes contain pictures of the Indian life of the farthest West that are of value to the student of ethnology and primitive institutions. The travellers were experts in Indian management and in knowledge of Indian character, and they occupied their winter waits by writing descriptions of the tribes they met. It is noteworthy, however, that even in the remotest wilds they met no Indians unmodified by acquaintance with Europeans. As early as the beginning of this century, it was too late to study Indian life in its unmodified form. Nevertheless these chapters are among the permanently valuable features of the work. FREDERICK J. TURNER.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

It has been whispered of late by several, and once or twice boldly proclaimed, that a new English Poet has arisen in the person of Mr. Francis Thompson. Such proclamations have not been uncommon during the past ten years, and the series of New Poets thus heralded, from the late James Thompson to Mr. William Watson, has included a number of names. In almost all the cases, however, these poets have shared the fate of the *novæ* known to astronomers, and their fame has been hardly more that that conferred by the admiration of a coterie. We should, indeed, hesitate to admit that a New Poet, in the serious sense of that term, has arisen among men of English speech since Rossetti, in 1870, published the contents of that famous disinterred manuscript. That the performance of Mr. Francis Thompson, whose poems are now somewhat sumptuously put forth, is of such a character as to lift its author above the minor poets that swarm in our day and generation we see no reason to allow. In the first place, it exhibits a perversity of manner that equals Browning and Mr. George Meredith at their worst, and that sometimes recalls the more extravagant imaginings of Blake. It is full of puzzles, and it evidently selects words (such as trepidant, purpurate, and thurifer) for their mere oddity. This alone would be an obstacle in the way of general acceptance. But this is not all, for the work is weighted with false rhymes (*stir* and *hair*, *able* and *babble*), bad grammar ("must have took," "my hand hath shook"), and cacophonies, of which

> "In statelier state thou us'dst to go"

is one example out of many. We quote a characteristic stanza:

> "Dream-dispensing face of hers!
> Ivory port which loosed upon me
> Wings, I wist,
> Whose amethyst
> Trepidations have forgone me,—
> Hesper's filmy traffickers."

This sort of thing is ingenious, but, when its slight meaning has been worked out by the intellect, the heart remains untouched. It is the sort of thing that Mr. George Meredith has been doing, in both verse and prose, for many years. But we may say *per contra* that Mr. Thompson, like Mr. Meredith, has lapses into a more natural manner. He can even, upon occasion, sing as simple and sweet a song as "Daisy," from which we must do him the justice to quote:

> "Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
> On the turf and on the spray;
> But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
> Was the Daisy-flower that day.
>
> "Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!
> She gave me tokens three:—
> A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
> And a wild raspberry.
>
> "A berry red, a guileless look,
> A still word,—strings of sand!
> And yet they made my wild, wild heart
> Fly down to her little hand.
>
> "For standing artless as the air,
> And candid as the skies,
> She took the berries with her hand,
> And the love with her sweet eyes."

*POEMS. By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day.

THE HUMOURS OF THE COURT, and Other Poems. By Robert Bridges. New York: Macmillan & Co.

IN DREAMLAND, and Other Poems. By Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: The Williamson Book Co.

LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ. A Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

BEHIND THE VEIL. A Poem. By James De Mille. Halifax: T. C. Allen & Co.

WAYSIDE MUSIC. Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets. By Charles H. Crandall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN VARIOUS MOODS. By M. A. B. Evans. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SEEKER IN THE MARSHES, and Other Poems. By Daniel L. Dawson. Philadelphia: Rees, Walsh & Co.

POEMS. By Thomas William Parsons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated into English Verse by Thomas William Parsons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ITALIAN LYRISTS OF TO-DAY. Translations from Contemporary Italian Poetry, with Biographical Notices, by G. A. Greene. New York: Macmillan & Co.

BAY LEAVES. Translations from the Latin Poets. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York: Macmillan & Co.

SPECIMENS OF GREEK TRAGEDY. Translated by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE FIRST PART OF GOETHE'S FAUST. Translated by Anna Swanwick. Revised edition. New York: Macmillan & Co.

TANAGRA. An Idyl of Greece. By Gottfried Kinkel. Translated by Frances Hellman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

OLD WORLD LYRICS. A Little Book of Translations. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

SONGS OF ADIEU. A Little Book of Finale and Farewell. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Cambridge edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

To do Mr. Thompson entire justice, we must also make an extract from "A Fallen Yew," a poem in which his imaginative powers are at their best, yet wherein expression does not go far beyond what is legitimate.

"It seemed corrival of the world's great prime,
Made to un-edge the scythe of Time,
And last with stateliest rhyme.

"No tender Dryad ever did indue
That rigid chiton of rough yew,
To fret her white flesh through:

"But some god like to those grim Asgard lords,
Who walk the fables of the hordes
From Scandinavian fjords,

"Upheaved its stubborn girth, and raised unriven,
Against the whirl-blast and the levin,
Defiant arms to Heaven.

"When doom puffed out the stars, we might have said,
It would decline its heavy head,
And see the world to bed."

If these two latter extracts were representative, rather than exceptional, it might almost be said of their author that he had in him the making of a New Poet.

A lyrical utterance finer and truer than may be detected in Mr. Thompson's verse inspires the sheaf of songs just given to the public by Mr. Robert Bridges. His exquisite song of "Nightingales" has caught something of the music of the greater poets.

"Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

"Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

"Alone aloud in the raptured ears of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream while the innumerable choirs of day
Welcome the dawn."

This is not quite the careless rapture of the Elizabethans, although others among the songs of Mr. Bridges have nearly caught that. And "The Humours of the Court," the play that fills the greater part of his volume, is curiously Elizabethan both in spirit and treatment. What memories of Fletcher or of Massinger are evoked by such a passage as this:

"Oh, I could sit
And sigh beneath that window all the night;
Is there not wondrous softness in the thought,
That she one loves is sleeping?"

Mr. Bridges has based his play upon Calderon's "El Secreto á Voces," and pieced it out with a scene from Lope. But the process has been transmutation, not translation.

With increasing frequency, of recent years, the Canadian Muse has brought its quota of song to the collections of current verse that we have had occasion to pass under review. The group of volumes characterized in the present article has also its Canadian representatives, first among which we may mention "In Dreamland, and Other Poems," by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan. Mr. O'Hagan's allegiance, however, is not wholly given to the Dominion, for Ireland, as well as Canada, claims his tribute, and the sense of a divided duty is ever with him. So we find upon one page such lines as these:

"Dear native land, we are but one
From ocean unto ocean;
'The sun that tints the Maple Leaf'
Smiles with a like devotion
On Stadacona's fortress height,
On Grand Pré's storied valley,
And that famed tide whose peaceful shore
Was rocked in battle sally,
My native land!"

While on another is expressed the hope

"That Ireland, dear old Ireland,
Should evermore be free,
And her patriot sons in union
Drive the Saxon o'er the sea."

The effort to "weave in one garland the Maple and Shamrock" does not seem to result in a very satisfactory sort of patriotism. Nor does it result (which is more to our purpose) in verses that rise above a low level of the commonplace.

Mr. Bliss Carman, although a sojourner in "these States," must be reckoned with the interesting group of Canadian poets, and takes a high place among them. We have more than once had occasion to mention Mr. Carman's work, although his first collected volume is now put forth. The volume is not entirely representative of the writer for the reason thus stated by him: "It seemed better to bring together between the same covers only those pieces of work which happened to be in the same key, rather than to publish a larger book of more uncertain aim." This restraint was perhaps wise, although it makes us miss for the present certain pieces of more enduring value than any here published. The note of the present collection is lyrical, and the key is predominantly minor. From "The Vagabonds," one of the strongest of these poems, we may make a characteristic selection:

"In the beginning God made man
Out of the wandering dust, men say;
And in the end his life shall be
A wandering wind and blown away.

"We are the vagabonds of time,
Willing to let the world go by,
With joy supreme, with heart sublime,
And valor in the kindling eye.

"We have forgotten where we slept,
And guess not where we sleep to-night,
Whether among the lonely hills
In the pale streamer's ghostly light

"We shall lie down and hear the frost
Walk in the dead leaves restlessly,
Or somewhere on the iron coast
Learn the oblivion of the sea.

"It matters not. And yet I dream
Of dreams fulfilled and rest somewhere
Before this restless heart is stilled
And all its fancies blown to air.

"Had I my will! . . . The sun burns down
And something plucks my garment's hem;
The robins in their faded brown
Would lure me to the south with them.

"'T is time for vagabonds to make
The nearest inn. Far on I hear
The voices of the Northern hills
Gather the vagrants of the year."

These verses have a haunting quality from which there is no escape. They are also felicitous in their choice of epithet and musical in their verbal arrangement, which cannot be said of all Mr. Carman's pieces. A poem in some respects stronger and more finely imaginative than the one just mentioned is called "Pulvis et Umbra," yet it is not a little marred by words to which a forced employment is given. But the author has certainly caught the true poetic accent, although he stammers now and then in its use. When at his best, as the above extract shows, he speaks in his own tongue, and from the heart. His future work will be awaited with interest by all who concern themselves with the current development of pure literature.

"Behind the Veil" is a poem found among the manuscripts of the late James De Mille, and now given to the public by Professor Archibald Macmechan. It appears in rather sumptuous quarto form, with an etched portrait of the author. It tells us how the author, in a dream or trance, "saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonder"— not that should be, but that has been. In other words, the scroll of history was rolled back before his gaze. We quote one stanza as an example of the form and spirit of the poem.

"Golden gleams on fields of azure,
Worlds on worlds arose in Space,
Numbers more than thought or measure;
There each Sun careering onward held its planets in their place;
Flashed the meteor; flared the comet; speeding in its headlong race."

The work is a rhapsody upon a familiar plan, and of doubtful poetic value.

Mr. C. H. Crandall publishes a volume of "Wayside Music" that is notable for clear technique and reasonably successful accomplishment of modest aims. It is marred occasionally by commonplace phrases, by hackneyed rhythmical devices, and by strained expressions (such as "yachts of God" for clouds); but the general impression is pleasing. "The Golden Age" is a pretty lyric.

"My love and I laugh o'er the page
That tells the varied story
How love ran in the Golden Age—
We care not for its glory.

"Idly we read how earthly maids
Entangled Jove, the mighty,
Or how Adonis in the glades
Played with fair Aphroditè.

"Pan the sweet river-nymph may woo,
Pygmalion, Galatea;
Our love is just as sweet and true
As theirs by blue Ægea.

"Nor lacks it the enchanting power
That blends divine with human;
My love will change at any hour
To goddess or to woman!

"Thus love's eternal heritage
Illumes our modern portals.
Cupid and Psyche know not age,
And we, too, are immortals."

Mr. Crandall, it will be remembered, is the editor of an excellent selection of American sonnets, prefaced by a historical essay upon the sonnet; and it is consequently not surprising that the best of his work should be in that form of verse. Better, in our judgment, than "Waiting" and "Adelaide Neilson"— the two sonnets selected for his own collection — are "Woman," "Sleep's Conquest," "The New Year," and "Sunset on the Palisades." We quote the first of these four:

"Fairer than all the fantasies that dart
Adown the dreams of our most favored sleep,
Thy lovely form since Eden's day doth keep
The constant pattern of a perfect art!
Yet more do we admire thy better part,
The spirit strong to smile when others weep;
And well know we who sail life's ocean deep
There is no haven like a woman's heart.

"Thus, often weary ere the victory 's won,
Tired with my task, my head I fain would lay
In some good lady's lap as did the Dane,
And watch the action of the world go on,
Knowing 't is but a play within a play,
The fleeting portion of an endless plan."

It is unfortunate that one defective rhyme should have crept into this otherwise admirable poem.

"In Various Moods" is a thin volume of *vers de société* with a tendency toward exotic metrical forms. Some of them are very pretty, a good example being the roundel "A Shower of Gold."

"A shower of gold? Let none declare
He would not try to catch and hold
Some part, if Fate with him would share
A shower of gold.

"Not like frail Danaë's of old,
But sunlight-clear, divinely fair,
A joy and glory to enfold.

"For sordid pelf he would not care,
Who had the fortune to behold
One glimpse of her (my lady's) hair,
A shower of gold."

We must not fail to quote a trifle called "At the Flower Show."

"'*Du bist wie eine Blume*,'
I whispered in her ear.
Say, wilt thou grace my garden,
O maid, most sweet and dear?

"Full soft and low her answer:
'O reckless youth, beware!
Alas! I'm not an orchid;
I cannot live on air!'"

A sense of rhythm so faulty as to make many of the verses read like prose is the one noticeable defect of this volume.

A second edition has been published of the poems of Daniel Dawson, and the recent death of the writer makes a few words of characterization appropriate at this time. His verse is strained, artificial, over-sensuous, and pays tribute to strange gods; yet it has interludes of musical utterance that seize the attention, and imaginative passages that cause at least a momentary thrill. Over it all, however, is the trail of bohemianism, and its passion is more theatrical than real. The following stanza is from a piece in which, emulous of Browning, the writer discourses of Childe Roland and the Dark Tower:

"It peers somewhere between the pointed hills,
Builded of old by Merlin in the waste;
The giant there his fateful ward fulfills,
Until the chosen of the world shall haste,
Through wood and wold, o'er fell and field and fen,
To bide the battle for the sons of men."

There is much excellent stuff in Dawson's work, but it is crudely presented, and the light that falls upon it is garish.

A selection of the poems of the late Thomas William Parsons has recently been published, and is one of the most welcome books of the season. The original editions have long been out of print, and many of the poems have never before been published at all in the strict sense, or at least have made but a furtive previous appearance in the columns of newspapers or the pages of magazines. The new collection is far from complete, but it is representative, and includes most of the author's best work. We should say all, did we not look in vain for "Saint Peray," which should have been included in the scantiest of selections, and the translation of Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio" ode, which should have accompanied the "Proem," in spite of the rule barring out other than original work. Comparing the collection with the volume of 1854 (the only one that was published in this country), we find it to contain nearly twice the amount of matter and more than twice the number of pieces. There are great inequalities in these poems, and it is astonishing how trivial the poet of "Paradisi Gloria" and the verses "On a Bust of Dante" could be at times. But Parsons at his best was a writer not likely to be forgotten. He was a poet for poets rather than for the public, and his most finished work has much of the quality that also made Landor appeal rather to the select than to the general audience. "The hermit thrush of singers" he is happily styled by the young fellow-poet who has paid a graceful tribute to his memory. Besides the comparison with Landor, comparisons with Gray and with Collins have been suggested, and are not without justification. Speaking of Landor, we note that the "Epistle" addressed to that poet is now entitled a "Letter from America to a Friend in Tuscany." We have always been puzzled by this poem, with its familiar

"Dear Walter, in our Eton days,"

and its statement,—

"Since thou and I pursued our mountain way,
Twenty Decembers have disrobed the trees."

If this is to be taken literally, the "mountain way" in question was pursued by a youth of fifteen and a sexagenarian. And even then the Eton puzzle is unexplained.

A companion volume to the "Poems," and the more precious boon of the two, represents, in the words of a publishers' note, "the great poetic passion of the man." In other words, it gives us the translation by Dr. Parsons of the Sacred Song of Dante. The "Inferno" is complete, and the "Purgatorio" nearly so, but of the "Paradiso" we have only a few fragments. The cantos of the second Canticle have been collected from scattered numbers of "The Catholic World," to which they were from time to time contributed during a long period of years. Professor C. E. Norton provides the volume with a preface, and Miss Guiney writes a "Memorial Sketch" which is sympathetic enough, but stilted in expression. It is curious, indeed, that the simple, direct, and almost classical style of the translator should have so appealed to an editor who could write: "An unrevised life-labor, plucked for the public while yet green upon the bough, bears itself meekly, and hopes for consideration." But Miss Guiney's sketch betrays flashes of insight for which we should be grateful; such, for example, as the following: "Above all, Dr. Parsons can be trusted, with a touch so light it is often unsuspected, to dispel a vagueness or insert some little clarification, and to deal firmly with paraphrase where the prodigious force of the Tuscan idiom is such that the best English threatens to break under it." As for the translation, which usually has the form of Gray's "Elegy" except for the division into stanzas, Professor Norton is safe in saying that "as a rhymed version in English of the 'Divine Comedy' it has no superior." We are inclined to go still further, and to claim for it at least parity with, and possibly superiority over, the best of the unrhymed metrical versions. It certainly produces the effect of an English poem, as Longfellow's bare translation does not, and this without venturing as far as Cary in the direction of paraphrase. As Professor Norton says, "Without knowledge of the original, one may read it with ease and pleasure, and with little sense of any hampering conformities to a foreign original. There are many parts in which the translation reaches so high a level of natural poetry that the reader may readily forget that the English poet is following an Italian model." As an exquisite example of this we may take the meeting with Beatrice (Purg. XXX., 67–75):

"Although the veil which from her forehead fell,
Girt by that frondage of Minerva's tree,
Suffered me not to see her features well,
Queenly she looked, and yet upbraided me,
Continuing thus, with sweet restraint of style
As 't were she kept her warmer words behind:
'Behold me well. The one I was erewhile
Good sooth I am: I am thy Beatrice!
So, hast thou deigned then to approach the hill?
Didst thou not know man findeth here his bliss.'"

This, beyond a doubt, is good English poetry, but it is not quite Dante. Besides the expansion of the verse

"Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice"

into two, which even the the felicitous "good sooth" does not justify, there are, as Professor Norton says, qualities of essence, of poetic nature, of style, and of tone, that differentiate the version from the original. Or, taking one of Matthew Arnold's chosen examples of the grand style in Dante (Inf. XVI., 61–3):

"Lascio lo fele, e vo pei dolci pomi
Promessi a me per lo verace Duca;
Ma fino al centro pria convien ch'io tomi,"

and turning to read in Parsons:

"Leaving the gall, I seek the pleasant fruit
Promised to me by this my faithful Guide;
But to the centre first must sink my foot,"

we are confronted by the same subtle differentiation. The style of the translation is pleasing, harmonious, and dignified, yet it is not the grand style. But we doubt if anyone will ever come nearer than Parsons did to a reproduction in English of the essential qualities of Dante's manner.

Mr. G. A. Greene's volume of translations from the "Italian Lyrists of To-Day" is a work of exceptional value, both on account of its biographical and critical notices of thirty-four among the Italian poets now living, and on account of the remarkable faithfulness and high poetic quality of the translations offered. The work begins where the "Modern Italian Poets" of Mr. Howells leaves off, and there is no name common to the two works. Mr. Greene's lengthy introduction speaks of the decline of Italian literature during the period between 1860 and 1870, and of its remarkable resurgence during the past quarter-century. He accounts for the decline by saying that literature had been so long in politics that, after the achievement of national unity, it had lost the power to deal with anything else. Romanticism, moreover, had spent its force, and the time was not quite ripe for the classical reaction. When that reaction came, with Signor Carducci as its leader, it had things its own way, and "saved literature in Italy." This poet, of course, more than any other, gets attention in Mr. Greene's volume, and his revival of classical metres is discussed with much intelligence. The matter is so important that we quote Mr. Greene's quotation from one of Signor Carducci's disciples: "We have no quantity; but we can render in Italian verse the sound of Latin verses, *as it appears to strike our 'barbarous' ears.* That is to say: since we, when reading Horace, hear in his odes our own five-syllable, seven-syllable, nine-syllable, and hendecasyllabic metres, so we can construct, by means of these metres, strophes which apparently correspond to his. For instance:

'Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,'

sounds to our Italian ears as though it were composed of two *quinarii*, the first simple, the second *sdrucciolo;* and therefore for

'Eheu fugáces | Póstume, Póstume,'

Carducci writes

'Oh quei fanáli | cóme s'inséguono.'"

These innovations have had to fight their way, and they have won acceptance—but for what they really pretend to be (as explained above), not for what their opponents have misrepresented them as claiming. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the poem is in its effect upon the intellectual palate. The following is undoubtedly poetry:

"O deviata verde solitudine
Lungi dal rumor degli uomini!
Qui due con noi divini amici vengono
Vino ed amore O Lidia,"

and it remains little less than poetry in Mr. Greene's

"O now so long desired, thou verdurous solitude,
Far from all rumor of mankind!
Hither we come companioned by two friends divine,
By wine and love, O Lydia."

Here is an example of the translator's Carduccian sapphics:

"Cypresses solemn stand on Monte Mario;
Luminous, quiet is the air around them;
They watch the Tiber through the misty meadows
Wandering voiceless."

The translation from which we make this extract could not easily be equalled. "Stecchetti" and the young Gabriele d'Annunzio are the poets next in importance to the one just discussed, and get a large share of Mr. Greene's attention. His versions of poems by the latter are exquisitely done, and should be reprinted did space permit, as well as the "Prelude" from "Stecchetti's" "Postuma," "The Banquet" of Signor Pascoli," and the "Florentine Memories" of Signor Marradi. But Mr. Greene's book must tell the rest of the story.

Professor Goldwin Smith's "Bay Leaves" is a small volume of translations from ten Latin poets; Lucretius, Catullus, Ovid, Horace, and Martial getting most of the translator's attention. "The translator of Latin poetry," says Professor Smith, "has the comfort of knowing that he is separated from his authors by no chasm of thought and sentiment, such as that which separates the translator from Homer, or even from Æschylus." This is particularly true of the Latin poets of the Empire, and hardly less true of Lucretius. The translations are free, smooth, and tasteful. With Horace, "whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows," the translator has been peculiarly happy, as in the *Otium divos rogat*—

"For ease the weary seaman prays
On the wild ocean, tempest tost,
When guiding stars withhold their rays,
When pales the moon in cloud-wrack lost.

"For ease the Median archers sigh,
For ease the Thracian warrior bold;
But ease, my friend, nor gems can buy,
Nor purple robes, nor mighty gold."

Two companion volumes, each of twice the thickness of "Bay Leaves," are devoted to the same translator's experiments with Greek tragedy in English

blank verse. The choruses have, as a rule, been avoided, and a prefatory note displays a curious lack of feeling for the poetic beauty of the lyrical passages in the tragedies. One of the volumes gives extracts from Æschylus and Sophocles, "The Suppliants" being the only play not represented. In the other we have scenes from twelve of the plays of Euripides.

Miss Swanwick, whose translation of the first part of "Faust" was published more than forty years ago, now offers the work to the public in a revised form, changed particularly in the lyrical passages, to many of which the double rhymes have been restored. The work in its present form is highly creditable, although still inferior to Taylor's, as may be illustrated by the Chorus, "Hat der Begrabene," a crucial test. Miss Swanwick gives us:

> "He whom we mourned as dead,
> Living and glorious,
> From the dark grave hath fled,
> O'er death victorious;
> Almost creative bliss
> Waits on his growing powers;
> Ah! Him on earth we miss;
> Sorrow and grief are ours."

Taylor did much better when he translated:

> "Has He victoriously
> Burst from the vaulted
> Grave, and all-gloriously
> Now sits exalted.
> Is He, in glow of birth,
> Rapture creative near?
> Ah! to the woe of earth
> Still are we native here."

The Retzsch outline illustrations appear with this volume, and are not a happy addition.

Gottfried Kinkel, whose "Tanagra" has been put into English verse by Mrs. Frances Hellman, was one of the more important literary personalities of his time, and has a peculiar interest for Americans as the friend and fellow-revolutionist of Herr Carl Schurz. Both were combatants on the side of liberty in 1849, and both were captured by the Prussians and imprisoned at Rastatt. Herr Schurz made his escape through a sewer soon after his capture, and fled to Switzerland. Secretly returning in the following year, he aided Kinkel to escape, and both took ship for England. Kinkel remained in England for some fifteen years, visiting the United States in 1851, and, in 1866, accepted a post at Zurich, where he lived until his death in 1882. In an age when Germany has produced only minor poets he was one of the most popular of them all, and the list of his productions is lengthy, including not only poems, but stories and contributions to the literature of æsthetics. "Tanagra," which is an epic-idyll upon a Greek theme, was the last and the ripest of his poems. Mrs. Hellman's translation, which is in couplets, produces a slightly pedestrian effect, but is pleasing. It is published in gift-book guise, with illustrations by Mr. E. H. Blashfield, in which the artist does not seem to have been at his happiest.

Of the gift-book type are also the two exquisite booklets which introduce the "Bibelot" series to the public. One of them, "Old World Lyrics," is a selection of translations, mostly from the French, by Mr. Andrew Lang and others. They are translations — such as Mr. Dobson's "Ars Victrix," Mr. Lang's versions of Ronsard, and Rossetti's rendering of Villon's most famous ballad — to be read almost as much for their own sake as for that of the originals. Two or three of the selections are of such a nature that the book cannot well be offered to the Young Person. "Songs of Adieu" is the other of these booklets, and proves to be a tasteful selection of valedictory and mortuary lyrics from a wide range of recent English writers. One American, the late Paul H. Hayne, figures in the collection. The book is particularly acceptable because it brings together a number of charming lyrics otherwise not easily accessible.

We cannot better close this article than with a few words of praise for the new Cambridge edition of Longfellow's poems. The contents of six volumes of the Riverside edition (with some condensation of the notes) are here put into a single volume of nearly seven hundred pages, and the result, from the mechanical point of view, is a masterpiece even among the publications of the house whence it issues. The paper is thin but opaque, the dimensions are excellent, and the cover is in faultless taste. The collection has a biography by Mr. Scudder, more than enough notes for most readers, and a chronological list of the poems. It will doubtless remain for many years to come the standard one-volume edition of our most widely-read poet, and his friends could not have wished for his work a more satisfactory setting. The volume should find its way to every home in the land.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A new and profound study of Goethe.

Most writers, in the minds of most people, act as merely external influences, and are, upon reflection, easily to be differentiated as such. But a few among the very greatest of writers appeal to the inmost consciousness; their thought becomes incorporated with the very framework of the mental structure, woven in the very warp and woof of its fabric. This is particularly true if we make their acquaintance at the early age when introspection does not as yet largely enter into the mental process. Afterwards, we do not give these men their due; their thought has become so indubitably our own that we cannot imagine it ever to have been something external to ourselves. The assimilation of Shakespeare, for example, by many generations of English-speaking people has been so complete that many men will read with mingled wonder and incredulity such a statement as that made by Mr. Ruskin when he says:

"The intellectual measure of every man since born in the domains of creative thought may be assigned to him according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare." An influence almost comparable with that of Shakespeare has been exerted upon the thought of the present century by Goethe, yet few among those whose thought has been shaped by the author of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" could balance their account with Goethe off-hand. It is the peculiar merit of Mr. J. R. Seeley's "Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years" (Roberts) that it helps us to realize the magnitude of our intellectual debt to Goethe, that it shows us how startlingly different some of our ideals might now have been had we not felt the contagion of his spirit, directly or indirectly. Mr. Seeley's book is a small one, but its analysis includes all the essentials. In this respect it reminds us of his "Napoleon the First," which it equals in weightiness. The author strikes deep when, for example, he says: "It is the strenuous energy with which Goethe enters into the battle of life, and fights there for a victory into which others may enter, that makes him great, that makes him the teacher of these later ages,—this, and not some foppish pretension of being above it all, of seeing through it and despising it." And allied with the above passage is the following pregnant suggestion, taken from a discussion of Goethe's struggle for self-culture: "Here is the refined form of selfishness of which Goethe has been so often accused; and undoubtedly the phrase is one which will bear a selfish interpretation, — just as a Christian may be selfish when he devotes himself to the salvation of his soul." These are words to be seriously weighed before passing judgment upon Goethe's life, or assuming to set forth its ethical implications. It would be difficult sufficiently to praise Mr. Seeley's essay for its insight, or for its philosophical setting forth of the meaning of Goethe's life and work.

Private Book-Marks.

The use of book-plates, or book-labels, originated with Hans Igler in Germany sometime before the close of the fifteenth century. Albert Dürer engraved a book-plate for one Bilibald Pirckheimer in 1524. Elizabeth Pindar was the first English woman to use a book-plate (1608), and another English woman, a Miss Jenkins, of Bath (1820), is the first known collector of these bibliographical curiosities. These particulars are well worth noting, now that the book-plate has arrived at a position of no small dignity. In France there is an Ex Libris Society, and this society publishes a *Journal*. England also has its Ex Libris Society, and we understand that America is threatened with a like invasion. It is a harmless mania, this collecting of book-tickets, — at least so long as it does not mean the destruction of books. Sir Leicester Warren (now Lord de Tabley) was the first Englishman to write a book on the subject, we believe, called "A Guide to the Study of Book Plates." We now have a work of liberal proportions, written by Mr. W. J. Hardy, entitled "Book-Plates," and published in the series of "Books about Books," imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. There are "styles" in book-plates, as in furniture and book-bindings; and to be *au fait* one should know how to discriminate as between the "Armorial," "Jacobean," "Chippendale," and "Allegoric" or "Symbolic." Some awkward blunders have been made, even in England, in the selection of an armorial design; as, for instance, when the Countess-Dowager of Bath, being a widow, should have "borne her arms in a lozenge," but didn't. Mr. Hardy tells us he has aimed at giving in his handbook "an historic sketch, however unpretentious, of the different styles adopted in designing book-plates, from their first introduction" down to the early years of the present century, "after which no distinctive style can be said to exist." In the work of modern designers he finds only a few noteworthy examples, but these form "a refreshing oasis in the desert of wild eccentricity." The chief merit in an old-style plate, it seems to us, is found when the engraver has happened to be a Dürer, a Hogarth, a Vertue, or a Morghen; but detached examples of the more ambitious work of these artists are still obtainable, so in place of the English and Continental armorial book-plates let us have the "wild eccentricities." Examples of these, we believe, are promised in the forthcoming books of Messrs. Castle and Allen.

American life and character a century ago.

"Travels in America 100 Years Ago" (Harper's "Black and White" series) is the record of the American impressions of one Thomas Twining, an intelligent Anglo-Indian who visited the United States almost at the beginning of our national existence. As Mr. Twining was, the time and his nationality considered, a singularly liberal and unbiassed observer, his jottings are of value. Sailing from Calcutta Dec. 9, 1795, in the American ship "India," of three hundred tons burthen, he reached Philadelphia April 7, where, he records, "I stepped ashore without even the aid of a plank," and was at once greeted with, "How dost thou do, friend? I am glad to see thee." Mr. Twining visited the chief cities during his stay, and met many people of note. Especially interesting is his account of a visit to General Washington, who was then living at Philadelphia "in a small red brick house on the left side of High Street, not much higher up than Fourth Street," and next door to a hair-dresser's. Mr. Twining was received by Mrs. Washington, "a middle-sized lady, rather stout; her manner extremely kind and unaffected." Presently "the door opened, and Mrs. Washington and myself rising, she said, 'The President,' and introduced me to him. Never did I feel more interest than at this moment, when I saw the tall, upright, venerable figure of this great man advancing to me to take me by the hand. There was a seriousness in his manner which seemed to contribute to the impressive dignity of his person, without diminishing the confidence and ease which the benevolence of his coun-

tenance and the kindness of his address inspired. There are persons in whose appearance one looks in vain for the qualities they are known to possess, but the appearance of General Washington harmonized in a singular manner with the dignity and modesty of his public life. So completely did he *look* the great man he really was, that I felt rather respect than awe in his presence, and experienced neither the surprise nor disappointment with which a personal introduction to distinguished individuals is often accompanied. . . . In person he was tall, well-proportioned, and upright. His hair was powdered, and tied behind. Although his deportment was that of a general, the expression of his features had rather the calm dignity of a legislator than the severity of a soldier." There is a portrait of the author.

Shakespeare portrayed in modern comedy.

The writing of a play with the greatest of all play-writers as its central figure and controlling spirit is certainly a novel and adventurous task. This is what has been attempted by Mr. Harry B. Smith in "Will Shakspeare, a Comedy," published in an elegant private edition in Chicago. Writers of historical dramas have usually chosen subjects that afforded them a foundation of attested fact to build upon; but this advantage has not been enjoyed by the writer of this little play, who has had to pick his material bit by bit from the mass of scraps and fragments, partly biography but more largely tradition and conjecture, that constitute about all we know of Shakespeare outside of his own works. Perhaps the meagreness of exact information has in one way been an advantage in this case, as it has left the author greater freedom and independence in following his own insight and working out his own conception of his hero's character. It is to be noted, as a prime merit of this ingenious production, that the author has really succeeded in making Shakespeare real to us as a man and in giving to his character a genuine human interest. We see him as the roystering young fellow about Stratford, joining a party of strolling players and going off with them to London; as a boon companion and reveller among the wits of the Mermaid Tavern, with Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Burbage, and other choice spirits of that time and place; and, lastly, as a player at the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, beginning to concern himself with matters of stage management, and taking the character of Hamlet in the ancient play which he had just re-written for the stage. These scenes and episodes are set forth with sympathy and penetration, and enlivened with much genuine humor. So admirably is the little three-act comedy constructed, with such dramatic skill and so fine and sure a literary touch that it brings the character and environment of Shakespeare more vividly before us than volumes of mere biography or commentary could do. The play has, withal, much vivacity and spirit, with a number of capital situations which can of course be properly estimated only on the stage, to which it manifestly will find its way.

Dubious doctrines of college functions.

"Within College Walls" (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is a collection of ten short papers on matters pertaining to the college. The author is President Charles Franklin Thwing, of Adelbert. The tone of the book is religious and ethical; its real subject, the college as a Christianizing agency. The author is of course right when he dwells on the importance of the college in developing character, on its possible influence in leading to faith and to a sustaining trust in things divine. But just as distinctly he seems wrong when he insists that all this is the underlying principle and definite purpose of the college's existence. Every college, indeed, stands or should stand for the right; but its real aim is to assist in the search for truth. Its religious and moral influence is a means, not an end. This distinction between truth and right as the *first* aim of an institution of learning is not a verbal quibble. Its practical test lies here: build up your college as President Thwing would have it, and you run no end of risks. For instance, in engaging a professor, choose a good religious man who doesn't know his subject, in preference to a scholar who is less holy but more erudite; ask this new professor to make character-building his main work in the classroom: will this, or will it not, approximate toward the ideal college? The author thinks it will. But the fact is that this plan has been tried disastrously over and over again. The scores of small and struggling denominational colleges that have followed the scheme contrast pitifully with the no less struggling state universities to which the plan was impossible. Could the plan be fairly tried, the religious would at once crowd out the scholarly; and in the present system of our great universities the scholarly has never once crowded out the ethical. Lofty, then, as is the author's aim, it is the aim of the man who sees but one side of the question, and that, tested by theory and experience, the unsafe side.

An Account of the English Religious Drama.

Miss Katharine Lee Bates's work on "The English Religious Drama" (Macmillan & Co.) is one to be commended. Few besides special students know much about this subject, the manuals of English Literature commonly dismissing it with brief mention, as having but little relation to the more important secular drama by which it was followed. Miss Bates does not so regard it, but considers the Miracle Plays to have been the training school of the romantic drama. She finds them, despite crudities, prolixities, and absurdities of detail, to have rendered very important service to the Elizabethan drama. They not only bequeathed to it scope and freedom, large constructive principles, reality of characterization, and intensity of passion, but they paved the way for its reception and recognition. They made England a nation of actors and theatre-lovers, who would be content with no such learned and elegant trifling as amused the court and university, but demanded range, earnestness, life.

Many of these Mystery cycles were probably lost; but four important groups—York, Towneley, Chester, and Coventry—remain in completeness, and to the description of these, with some citations and a critical chapter on their dramatic values, the larger portion of Miss Bates's book is devoted. A concluding chapter on the Moralities is only less interesting because the subject is in itself a dull one. Taken as a whole, the subject is treated with fulness and accuracy, and in a style so pleasing and picturesque that the volume will find many appreciative readers.

An American poet in other lands.

Professor Clinton Scollard's "On Sunny Shores" (Webster), a series of sketchy *Reisebilder*, forms a fitting complement to his previously-published "Under Summer Skies." Starting at the banks of the Wye, the author touches at Ambleside and the Isle of Wight, tramps down the Neckar, tarries a space in the Tyrol, crosses the Splügen, idles a day or so at Bellaggio, Milan, and Verona, thence, touching *en route* at Greece, fares to Syria, and after "doing" the Cave of Adullam, Mar-Saba, and Mt. Hermon, pulls up—rather fagged, one fancies—in "A Damascus Garden." Professor Scollard conveys his impressions of each halting-place with a few rapid touches, and, when the muse proves propitious, drops into poetry, with pleasing results. There are many pen-sketches by Margaret Landers Randolph, and the book is prettily bound in violet cloth, with side-stamp of white and gold.

The plays of Ben Jonson.

The "Mermaid Series" of Elizabethan plays, of which the publication had been discontinued for two or three years, is now resumed with the plays of Ben Jonson (Scribner). Three volumes, edited by Dr. Brinley Nicholson, are to be given to this dramatist; and the first of the three, with an admirable critical essay by Professor C. H. Herford, has just appeared. "Every Man in His Humor," "Every Man out of His Humor," and "The Poetaster" are the plays included. The mechanical execution of this volume is inferior to that of the sixteen volumes previously issued. But we are glad to have the series continued in any form, as it provides a working selection from the Elizabethan drama, at slight cost to the student, and with a full and carefully-edited text.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Jews of Angevin England" is published in the very useful series entitled "English History by Contemporary Writers" (Putnam). The contents of these volumes consist of strictly original materials, extracted from the chronicles, state-papers, and other documents of the time, and translated into English. Mr. Joseph Jacobs is the industrious compiler of the present volume, which includes "every scrap of evidence I could find in the English records, whether printed or unedited, that relates to the Jews of England up to the year 1206." Many of the passages are translations from the Hebrew.

In his "Saskia, the Wife of Rembrandt" (Crowell), Mr. C. K. Bolton essays the rather hopeless task of writing a Life in the face of an almost entire lack of data; evolving his heroine, as it were, largely from the "vasty deep" of his own inner consciousness. Next to nothing is absolutely known of Saskia, and Mr. Bolton seems to have unearthed no fresh facts concerning her. His little book is, however, readable enough in its modest way, and the copious plates (mostly portraits and studies, more or less plausibly presumed to be Saskia), after Rembrandt, lend it an element of positive interest.

Louise Creighton's "A First History of France" (Longmans), from Cæsar's conquest down to the fall of the Second Empire, is a satisfactory outline sketch for the use of young readers. The little book may be used to advantage as a brief preparatory study to Mrs. Gardiner's capital text-book on the French Revolution, issued by the same house. The work is well printed and judiciously illustrated, and it contains the needful maps.

"The Court of Louis XV." and "The Last Years of Louis XV.," the eighteenth and nineteenth volumes of M. de Saint-Amand's "Famous Women of the French Court" (Scribner), will be welcomed by readers of this extremely readable series. The books are quite unique in their way; and literary workers will find in them a useful storehouse of literally-quoted extracts from memoirs, letters, diaries, etc., of the period covered. The present volumes, embracing the fortunes of those lights of the royal seraglio, Mmes. de Pompadour and Du Barry, should prove popular.

We are glad to note the appearance, in a single volume (Burt), of the selections from Schopenhauer's "Parerga and Paralipomena" which Mr. T. Bailey Saunders made and translated into English about two years ago. The present publication appears in a "Library of the World's Best Books," and, for a wonder, it distinctly belongs in a collection thus named. Mr. Saunders's introduction is readable, but imperfectly sympathetic, and his translation is admirable. The book is full of meat, and one needs no fondness for metaphysics to extract from it both enjoyment and profit. For lack of proper presentation to the English-reading public, Schopenhauer has come to occupy the position of being more talked about and less read than any other modern Continental philosopher of importance. We hope the present volume will cause him to be more read and less talked about.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, January 24, 1894.

Anyone who observes the work done by illustrators, American and foreign, in the periodicals of the time, cannot fail to be impressed with the amount of genius and technical ability which they bring to their task. The immense advance in the art of illustrating which has taken place within the past few years has lately been emphasized by the publication of numerous books treating of illustrators and their designs. But to me the most significant piece of illustration observed in last year's periodicals was an instantaneous photographic view of the sinking of H. M. S. Victoria, reproduced by process in one of the London illustrated weeklies. This photograph was taken by a British officer on board one of the accompanying vessels, and, while small in size and not

very distinct, conveys a striking impression of the event. There can be no question that it was the great and increasing interest in amateur photography which made it possible for this officer to have his camera at hand, to understand its use, and to grasp the occasion on the moment. Possibly fifty imaginative pictures of this disaster have been drawn for the periodical press, but none of them has appealed so strongly to the imagination as this actual view of the event itself.

These suggestions came to mind in looking over a copy of Mr. Alexander Black's "Photography Indoors and Out," just published by Messrs. Houghton, and bearing for its sub-title "A Book for Amateurs." The little volume has met with exceeding favor in the press, and is likely to prove a valuable manual for all beginners in photography. Mr. Black has been for some years the literary editor of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) "Times." He devotes a great part of his spare time to the study and practice of photography as a fine art, and frequently lectures on the relations of photography to its sister arts.

The announcement of an article on Nikola Tesla, by T. C. Martin, in the February number of "The Century Magazine," calls attention to the fact that Tesla is already acknowledged in the electrical world as a sort of junior Edison. Mr. Martin recently issued a volume entitled "The Inventions, Researches, and Writings of Nikola Tesla," which contains a description of the inventor's discoveries and his principal lectures delivered before electrical societies. Mr. Tesla is a native of Servia, and has, I believe, received from that country a decoration in recognition of his achievements.

The article in the last number of THE DIAL entitled "The 'Star' System in Periodicals" comes very appropriately at a time when this system, having been "worked" to the furthest possible point, seems to show signs of an early death. One amusing phase of the system is its adoption by the advertising fraternity. So it caused no great surprise to pick up in some little shop a pamphlet entitled "The Story of My First Watch: Told by Eminent Americans." Surely, thought I, this is the latest venture in the composite-article field; but on turning over the leaves I found that it was nothing more or less than the advertising device of a shrewd manufacturer of watches, who had induced fifteen or twenty of the public men and women whose names appear most prominently in "The 'Star' System in Periodicals" to write from a quarter to half a page descriptive of how they came in possession of their first watches, the whole made up into a pamphlet, with portraits of the writers, some of whose stories were extremely interesting. The advertisers of the day are indeed quick to seize upon new ideas, but it appears to me that their adoption of the "star system" in vogue among various periodicals will compel the latter, in turn, to seek for some other novelty. Nevertheless, for a while it has seemed as if the great American public was more deeply interested in how our leading authors wrote their first books than in the books themselves—an injustice to the books in a majority of cases.

Mr. William Young, the poet and dramatist, whose comedy, "The Rajah," made such a successful run at the Old Madison Square Theatre, and whose blank verse tragedies, "Pendragon" and "Ganelon," were so artistically produced by the late Lawrence Barrett, is spending the winter in Washington, engaged in perfecting arrangements for the production of his new comedy dealing with Revolutionary times. He has written for the forthcoming number of "The Cosmopolitan" a little poem entitled "The Beggars," which deals with the quarrel between the rich man and the poor man from a socialistic point of view.

Talking with Dr. Edward Eggleston the other day, I was interested to learn that the old straw chair in his library at "Joshua's Rock," Lake George, was woven by an ex-slave of John Randolph, when about ninety years of age. The chair has been in use for more than twenty years, and in it the Doctor has written all his novels, from "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" to "The Faith Doctor." The desk in the same room is one that belonged to Dr. Eggleston's great-grandfather in Colonial times.

Much interest is taken in the authors' reading, or matinée, soon to be given in Boston. The proceeds will be devoted to the relief of the suffering poor. The list of patronesses includes both prominent society ladies and ladies prominent in the literary world—a combination, perhaps, devoutly to be desired, but not yet consummated, in New York. Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, and others have promised to read, and a large sum of money will be obtained for the charitable purposes of those concerned in managing the affair. From Boston also comes news of the death in Rome of Mrs. William Wetmore Story, the wife of the sculptor-poet. She was a Miss Eldredge, of Boston, and her son, who married Emma Eames, is Julian Story. Mrs. Story, it is said, was a woman of uncommon intellectual attainments, of lovely character, of high social distinction, and in her early years was considered a great beauty.

By the death of Prof. Edward T. McLaughlin, Yale University suffered as great a loss in her professorial staff as she has met with in recent years. The university has always been greatly hampered in its literary department by financial inability to provide a sufficient number of instructors. The incumbent professors, with Mr. McLaughlin, have accomplished what they could, but the latter's youthful enthusiasm will be greatly missed by them. One of his specialties was the study of mediæval life and literature, and a volume on these subjects, the manuscript of which he had completed, will shortly be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

On February 6, Professor Haeckel will reach his sixtieth birthday, and it is proposed to celebrate the occasion by placing a marble bust of him in the Zoölogical Institute at Jena.

Mr. Frederick Douglass has written an introduction for a translation of the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture by the late M. Victor Schœlcher. The translation will be by Mr. Theodore Stanton.

Renan's library, we are told, will be sold in a few weeks. The catalogue, now in preparation, will contain about 7,000 titles, being the pick of the collection. The unimportant books have already been weeded out and disposed of.

M. Emile Terquem, who represented the French publishers at the Columbian Exposition, sends us a copy of the report made by him to the *Paris Cercle de la Librairie*. He expresses great satisfaction with the success of the exhibit, even from the point of view of sales actually made, since he found it necessary to take back only

twenty out of the sixty-five cases of books placed on exhibition. Of the very attractive catalogue issued by him 1500 copies were distributed.

The following words have a melancholy interest as being the last written for publication by Professor Tyndall, and the fact that they were written as a Christmas message to his friends in America doubles their interest for us on this side of the Atlantic: "I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaims, 'I covet *truth!*' The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this." One cannot help thinking of the motto—*veritatem dilexi*—that Renan desired should be engraved upon his tombstone.

The report of Commissioner Harris on the Common Schools of the United States shows an enrollment for 1891–92 of over thirteen millions of pupils, the average daily attendance being about eight and a half millions. A quarter of a million women and half that number of men were engaged in teaching these children for an average of 137 days in the year. The total expenditure was in excess of one hundred and fifty millions. The school term is slowly lengthening and the annual expenditure is increasing. The noticeable replacement of men by women as teachers is an unfortunate symptom in view of the great disproportion already existing.

The University of Chicago has recently purchased what is claimed to be the most complete collection in existence of the public documents of the United States. There are from four to five thousand volumes. The purchase includes, besides nearly three thousand volumes of Senate and House executive documents, complete sets of the American Archives from 1774 to 1776, American State Papers from 1789 to 1828, Journals of Congress from the first in 1789 to 1891, Executive Journals from 1789 to 1869, the Annals of Congress from 1789 to 1822, the Congressional Debates from 1822 to 1837, the Congressional Globe from 1833 to 1873, and the Congressional Record from 1873 to 1892.

The following particulars concerning the new French review are taken from the "Athenæum": "Although a fortnightly review, of the external type of the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' in some respects the 'Revue de Paris' will be more akin to our great English monthlies. There will be no chronicle of art, literature, music, the drama, contributed by an established staff; but on all questions of the hour the 'Revue de Paris' will address itself directly to the writers, French or foreign, most capable of treating them. It will have no definite bias, religious or political; the names of Prince Henri d'Orléans, Prince Roland Bonaparte, and M. Godefroy Cavaignac are a guarantee of its political independence. Historical articles are promised for the forthcoming numbers, from the pens of MM. Sorel, Gaston Paris, Jusserand, A. Vandal, and others. M. Sully Prudhomme will write on Pascal's method, M. Pierre Loti on Loyola, Arvède Barine will discuss the ethics of Ibsen, M. Emile Faguet the talent of M. Brunetière, M. Jules Lemaître 'La Chanson au XIX. Siècle.' M. Jules Simon will contribue his *souvenirs* of M. Ernest Renan, while the review has secured an unpublished chapter of M. Ernest Renan's on Philo of Alexandria. It is not less fortunate in fiction. It will open with a novel by M. Anatole France ('Scruples de Femmes') to be followed by 'Deux Jeunes Filles' by M. Ludovic Halévy, and 'Idylle Tragique' by M. Paul Bourget. Gyp will contribute 'Le Mariage de Chiffon,' Alphonse Daudet 'Quinze Ans de Mariage.' The younger novelists, MM. Paul Margueritte, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prévost, Maurice Barrès, and J. Ricard will also be represented. We believe it is an open secret that the editorship will be shared by MM. Louis Gauderax and James Darmesteter, and that the well-known publisher M. Paul Calmann Lévy is the principal shareholder." The initial number is promised for the first of February.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

By the death of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, which occurred at Venice, Italy, January 24, America lost one of the best of its fiction writers. She wrote a great many short stories and sketches, besides a half dozen or so extended novels; the last of these, "Horace Chase," was lately published as a serial in "Harper's Monthly," and will soon appear in book form. Miss Woolson was born at Claremont, N. H., in 1845, her mother being a niece of Fenimore Cooper. From an authentic sketch of her life, written by Mr. Arthur Stedman, and published in "The Book Buyer" for October, 1889, we make the following extracts:

"While yet a child, Miss Woolson was taken by her parents to Cleveland, Ohio, her father's business interests having become centred there. She was educated at a Cleveland young ladies' seminary and at the famous French school of Madame Chegaray in New York. Her summers were chiefly spent, while a girl, on the island of Mackinac, in the straits connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan. She often, however, accompanied her father on his business trips to the shores of Lake Superior, through the farming districts of the Western Reserve, and up and down the Ohio Valley, until she became familiar with a great part of the country that includes the great lakes and the Central States.

"Her father's death, in 1869, and the consequent breaking up of the family, cast a shadow on her life, and urged her to serious pursuits. She had been brought up strictly in the Episcopal faith, and at this time had published a number of articles in periodicals of that denomination. . . . Her literary field soon extended, and stories, sketches, and poems appeared in profusion in 'Harper's' and other leading magazines. Selected stories relating to the region of the great lakes were published as Miss Woolson's first book, in 1875, with the title, 'Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches.'

"In the fall of 1873, her mother's failing health necessitated a trip to Florida. There, at St. Augustine and on an island in the St. John's River, Mrs. and Miss Woolson remained for five winters, the summers being spent in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, in South Carolina and Georgia, and later with their relatives at Cooperstown. The literary results of this long stay in the South are readily to be discerned.

"The death of her mother in February, 1879, caused a complete change in Miss Woolson's plans, and the same year she sailed for England. Since then she has been in America but once, and for a very short time. Her winters have been passed chiefly at Florence, though she has resided for long periods at Rome and Sorrento. In summer she has lived at Venice, and at various resorts in Switzerland and Germany. . . . Since the beginning of 1887 Miss Woolson has lived at the Villa Bricchieri, just outside the Roman gate of Florence, the same locality that is mentioned in Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh,'—

"'I found a house at Florence on the hill of Bellosguardo.'

"Miss Woolson is not a rapid composer. Her novel,

'Anne,' was nearly three years in the writing, a worthy example to novelists of the day. Her first book, and the second collection of stories, 'Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches,' published in 1880, had attracted attention to the new author, but the appearance of 'Anne' in book form, in 1882, placed her at once in the front rank of American prose writers. This volume has been followed by 'For the Major, 1883; 'East Angels,' 1886; and 'Jupiter Lights,' 1889, the last of which, the 'London Spectator' thinks, bids fair to rival 'Anne,' which it calls 'one of the best novels America has produced for the last quarter of a century.' Our novelist is intensely American. All of these books deal with the life and adventures of Americans in their own country, though of widely differing types, and in widely separated districts."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

February, 1894 (First List).

Alma-Tadema. Illus. Ellen Gosse. *Century.*
Americans, Great. Woodrow Wilson. *Forum.*
Banana, The. Illus. J. E. Humphrey. *Pop. Science.*
Birch, Charles Bell. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*
Byron and the Greek Patriots. Illus. *Harper.*
Charity, Personal Problem of. Lyman Abbott. *Forum.*
Child Study. Oscar Chrisman. *Forum.*
Chimney-tops, Italian. Illus. H. E. Tidmarsh. *Mag. of Art.*
Consumption. H. M. Biggs. *Forum.*
Criticism and Culture. James Russell Lowell. *Century.*
Deep Sea, Physical Conditions of the. Illus. *Pop. Science.*
Dog, Psychology of a. John Monteith. *Popular Science.*
Dramatic Expression. Alice W. Rollins. *Lippincott.*
English at Yale University. Albert S. Cook. *Dial.*
English Literature of the Victorian Age. *Forum.*
Evolution and Political Economy. C. S. Ashley. *Pop. Sci.*
Fish, Hamilton. J. C. Bancroft Davis. *Atlantic.*
Freaks. Charles Robinson. *Lippincott.*
Genius, Transplanted. S. R. Elliott. *Dial.*
Geology, The Position of. Joseph Prestwich. *Pop. Science.*
Gold Supply, The. J. E. Fraennkel. *Forum.*
Hawaiian Controversy, The. James Schouler. *Forum.*
Heredity and Education. W. Mills. *Popular Science.*
Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages. Illus. *Mag. of Art.*
Indian Music. John C. Fillmore. *Century.*
Indians, Origin of the. Cyrus Thomas. *Am. Antiquarian.*
Iron, A Bar of. Illus. R. R. Bowker. *Harper.*
Jackson, Stonewall, The Real. D. H. Hill. *Century.*
Land-Bill Allen, Myth of. Washington Gladden. *Century.*
Lewis and Clark Expedition, The. F. J. Turner. *Dial.*
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. John G. Nicolay. *Century.*
Lincoln's Place in History. J. C. Adams. *Century.*
Literature to Music. B. J. Lang. *Atlantic.*
Marine Biological Laboratory, A. Illus. *Pop. Science.*
Massachusetts: An Object Lesson. W. F. Poole. *Dial.*
Nicaragua Canal, The. C. De Kalb. *Forum.*
Norwegian Hospitality. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. *Lippincott.*
Pawnbrokers, Study of. Champion Bissell. *Lippincott.*
Poetry, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial.*
Reading and Writing. H. E. Scudder. *Atlantic.*
Religion in the Schools. J. H. Hyslop. *Forum.*
Serpent Symbol, The. S. D. Peet. *Am. Antiquarian.*
Stanton under Lincoln, Recollections of. H. L. Dawes. *Atlantic.*
Tammany Hall. Henry C. Merwin. *Atlantic.*
Tao. William Davies. *Atlantic.*
Tax on English Books. *Dial.*
Tesla, Nikola. Illus. T. C. Martin. *Century.*
Tramp at Home, The. Illus. Josiah Flint. *Century.*
Tyndall and his American Visit. *Popular Science.*
Unemployed, Relief of the. Josephine S. Lowell. *Forum.*
Walking Sticks. Illus. S. H. Scudder. *Harper.*
Wilson Tariff, The. Albert Clark. *Forum.*

List of New Books.

[The following list, embracing 45 titles, includes all books received by The Dial *since last issue.]*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Anatomy of Melancholy. By Robert Burton. Edited by the Rev. A. R. Shilletto, M.A., with introduction by A. H. Bullen. In 3 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt top, rough edges. Macmillan & Co. $12.50.

St. Andrews. By Andrew Lang. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 350, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. $5.

The Philosophy of History. By Robert Flint. Large 8vo, pp. 700. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $4.

A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy. Taken from the work of J. A. Symonds, by Lt.-Col. Alfred Pearson. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 335. H. Holt & Co. $1.75.

The House of Life. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Being now for the first time given in its full text. 8vo, pp. 120, uncut. Copeland & Day. $1.50.

A Random Itinerary. By John Davidson. With frontispiece, 18mo, pp. 204, gilt top, rough edges. Copeland & Day. $1.50.

Wah-Kee-Nah, and Her People: The Curious Customs, Traditions, etc., of the North American Indians. By James C. Strong. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 275. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The Religion of a Literary Man (Religio Scriptoris). By Richard Le Gallienne. 16mo, pp. 120, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Essays about Men, Women, and Books. By Augustine Birrell, author of "Obiter Dicta." 18mo, pp. 234, gilt top, rough edges. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.

The Aim of Life: Plain Talks to Young Men and Women. By Phillip Stafford Maxam. 12mo, pp. 300. Roberts Bros. $1.

The Spirit of the Age. By William Hazlitt; with introduction by R. B. Johnson. 32mo, pp. 337, gilt top. Putnam's "Knickerbocker Nuggets." $1.

Deutsch in Amerika: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Deutschamerikanischen Literatur. Von Dr. G. A. Zimmermann. Part I., Epic and Lyric Poetry. New revised edition, large 8vo, pp. 325, gilt edges. Chicago: Eyller & Co. $3.

The Writings of Thoreau. New Riverside Edition, Vols., 5, 9, 10: Spring, Excursions, Miscellany. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. 12mo, gilt tops. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Per vol., $1.50.

The Ariel Shakespeare, Third Group: Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Othello, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet. Each 1 vol., 32mo, illus. by Frank Howard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Per vol., 75 cts.

HISTORY.

Civilization during the Middle Ages, especially in Relation to Modern Civilization. By George Burton Adams. 8vo, pp. 463. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The Story of Japan. By David Murray, Ph.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 431. Putnam's "Story of the Nations" series. $1.50.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Romance of an Empress: Catherine II. of Russia. Translated from the French of R. Waliszewski. Illus., 12mo, pp. 458, gilt tops. D. Appleton & Co. $2.

Early Sketches of George Washington. Reprinted, with notes, by William S. Baker, author of "The Engraved Portraits of Washington." Illus., 8vo, pp. 150, uncut. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.

POETRY.

Allegretto. By Gertrude Hall. Illus., sq. 16mo, pp. 112. Roberts Bros. $1.50.

FICTION.

A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte. 16mo, pp. 292. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle: A Story of Two Border Towns. By Rosa Mackenzie Kettle. 12mo, pp. 286. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories. By Gertrude Smith. 16mo, pp. 232. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Two Offenders. By Ouida. 16mo, pp. 265. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.

Christina Chard. By Mrs. Campbell-Praed, author of "December Roses." 16mo, pp. 319. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

A Gray Eye or So. By Frank Frankfort Moore, author of "Daireen." 16mo, pp. 362. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

A Bundle of Life. By John Oliver Hobbes. 16mo, pp. 159, gilt top. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. 50 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Rand, McNally Rialto Series: The Heir of Radclyffe, by Charlotte M. Yonge; illus., 12mo, pp. 475. 50 cts.

TRAVEL.

The South Sea Islanders, and the Queensland Labour Trade. By William T. Wawn. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 440. Macmillan & Co. $4.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

The Dawn of Astronomy: A Study of the Temple-Worship and Mythology of the Ancient Egyptians. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. Illus., 4to, pp. 432, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. $5.

Darwiniana: Essays. By Thomas Huxley. 12mo, uncut, pp. 475. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

The Diseases of Personality. By Th. Ribot. Authorized translation, 12mo, pp. 157. Open Court Pub'g Co. Paper, 25 cts.

The Partridge. Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson; Shooting, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley; Cookery, by George Saintsbury. Illus., 12mo, pp. 276, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.75.

EDUCATION.—BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Science and Education: Essays. By Thomas H. Huxley. 12mo, pp. 451. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Lectures on Mathematics delivered at Northwestern University, Aug. 28 to Sept. 9, 1893, by Felix Klein. Reported by Alexander Ziwet. 8vo, pp. 109, uncut. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

School Management: A Practical Treatise. By Emerson E. White, A.M. 12mo, pp. 320. Am. Book Co. $1.

Morceaux Choisis d'Alphonse Daudet. Edited by Frank W. Freeborn. 16mo, pp. 227. Ginn & Co. 85 cts.

Practical Business Book-Keeping by Double Entry. By Manson Seavy, A.M. Illus., 4to, pp. 240. D. C. Heath & Co. $1.55.

RELIGION.

Review of the Congress of Religions, Chicago, 1893. By Rev. L. P. Mercer. Illus., 12mo, pp. 334. Rand, McNally & Co. Paper, 50 cts.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

Hazell's Annual for 1894: Men and Topics of the Day. With maps, 12mo, pp. 676. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Appletons' Handbook of Winter Resorts. Illus., 16mo, pp. 168. Paper, 50 cts.

The Gist of Whist: Being a Concise Guide. By Charles E. Coffin. To which is added the Laws of Whist. 18mo, pp. 100. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. 75 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Book of the Fair: An Historical and Descriptive Presentation. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts 6 to 11, 4to, fully illus. Chicago: Bancroft Co. Per part, $1.

Mrs. John G. Carlisle's Kentucky Cook Book: Containing Original Recipes Never Before Published. By Mrs. John G. Carlisle and others. 12mo, pp. 249. Chicago: F. T. Neely. $2.50.

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